SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1821, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 63. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1883. $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 5.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY F. E.

It might have been. Ah! full of deep regret
We murmur thus o'er days long past and fled.
It might have been—vain, idle words; and yet
By mortal lips no saddder can be said.

It might have been—and now it is no more,
The dream of life that opened out so fair;
When skies, once cloudless, slowly shaded o'er,
And Hope's bright future melted into air.

It might have been. Perchance ourselves let slip
The fatal word that brought us all the ill:
The brimming cup just lifted to the lip,
Shattered to earth, our hand no more can fill.

It might have been, but for that cruel word
That wrought such anguish past all Love's repair;
It might have been, if only we had heard
The warning voice, to save us from despair.

It might have been—it might have been. In vain
The tortured heart may struggle to get free:
The iron "Never" brings not half such pain
As that which might have been—but may not be.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM the date of the ball at Poole Daphne and Irene took up quite a new position.

The county oracle, the Duchess of Spalding, declared that she had never seen two young girls whom she admired more. She whispered even to one or two of her most intimate friends that, if she could hear that the Earl had arrived at any decision, "send for Yewbury at once"—Yewbury being her Grace's eldest son, in her opinion the best match in England, as his father had been—but, of course, until something definite was known, it would be much better for Lord Yewbury to stay away.

It would not do for him to follow Sir Trevor's example, at whom the whole county was laughing now. The Duchess was wary and prudent.

Much was required of the lady who would some day be Duchess of Spalding. The Duchess was not a vain woman, but believed firmly in her own perfection, and had a comfortable idea that she was not quite as other people.

From the date of the ball the two girls had been the queens of the county; they were invited everywhere.

Indeed so numerous were the invitations that poured in upon them that the Earl was obliged carefully to select them.

Every one was amused at the fate which had overtaken the woman-hater.

So untiring was he in his efforts to meet Daphne that he had been known to drive fifteen and twenty miles to ask for an invitation to a ball or party to which she was going.

His residence, Hinton Towers, near Abbey Dale, was six miles from Poole; but the Earl had been compelled laughingly to hint that once a day was sufficiently frequent for him to pay his respects.

Anxious enough did Lord Cradoc watch the effect produced on his charges by the sudden accession of gaiety.

He was compelled to own to himself that as a test of character it was a signal failure. Daphne accepted the pleasure that came in her way with the eager frank happiness of a child.

Nothing disturbed Irene's quiet serene dignity.

Homage and admiration were here on all sides.

Nothing unduly elated her.

Lord Cradoc could not but admit to himself that gaiety and fashionable dissipation did not unfavorably affect his charges. Christmas came, and Daphne, by the Earl's desire, wrote to her father, begging him to come and spend it at Poole; but he was too busy.

The snow was lying thick at Northfield, and the artist wrote a long letter to Daphne telling her how busily occupied he was on a picture in which the dark-blue tints of the sky were vividly contrasted with the dazzling expanse of snow.

What to him was Poole, the pleasure of his daughter's society, or anything else in comparison?

Daphne merely sighed over the letter, and said it was just what she had expected.

Never since the boys were young, and there had been a great gathering of their friends and schoolfellows, had there been such a Christmas at Poole.

It was pitiful to those who were tender of heart to notice the channels in which the Earl's charity ran.

He sought out those who had lost their children, and to one old laborer on the estate whose only son had died of fever he had been bountifully generous; he had spoken to him of the common sorrow that had befallen them, and the old man had turned away with tears in his eyes.

To the girls he gave carte blanche. They could go over the estate, visit the cottages, and give in reason what they liked; but they must not go alone.

Lady Ryeford, the Earl thought, would probably like to join them in their mission of love and mercy.

But Lady Ryeford smilingly and suavely assured his lordship that, though nothing would give her greater pleasure, she really was not accustomed to that kind of work; dear Lady Marcia however would probably be quite at home in it.

The scheme was after Lady Marcia's own heart.

She was a model "Lady Bountiful," and having ascertained from the Earl how much money might be spent, thoroughly enjoyed the prospect before her.

Two days before Christmas Day, Lady Marcia, with her two young companions, started on her benevolent mission.

They drove to Abbey Dale, where the Earl owned a great deal of property—cottage property some of it.

They were to put the carriage at the Cradoc Arms and make their visits on foot.

It was a glorious morning, bright, cold, and clear, the hoar-frost covering the earth as with a diamond tracery; icicles hung like crystal pendants from roofs and eaves the robins were busy among the crimson berries.

It was a day the three ladies could scarcely fail to enjoy.

When they returned in the evening—the light was dying from the sky and the ruddy crimson blaze from the windows was shining over the snow—they found that Mr. Rigby had come over on business. Sir Trevor was there also; he had driven over for the simple reason that he could stay away no longer.

The girls came in looking perfectly bewitching in their rich velvets and furs, with a ruddy bloom on their faces, bringing with them an atmosphere of fresh air and vitality that was delightful.

Sir Trevor complained that he had not been told of their errand, but Daphne assured him that he had quite enough to do in attending to his own estate.

They were very merry during dinner, the girls having plenty of adventures to relate.

Suddenly, when dinner was nearly ended Irene turned to the Earl.

"Lord Cradoc," she said, "what a dreadful state those cottages in Abbey Dale are in!"

"Which cottages?" asked the Earl.

"A long row built near the hill, and called, I think, Hill View. They are a disgrace to the estate."

Lady Ryeford looked up in alarm. What was her imprudent, outspoken child about to say?

Surely nothing that would ruin her prospects with the Earl? If she could but stop her!

"Irene dearest," she expostulated, "what a word to use!"

"It is the right word to use, I assure you, mamma," replied Irene seriously, "and the only one.

"They are simply a disgrace."

"Did you speak of Hill View?" asked Daphne curiously.

"Do you mean those lovely picturesque cottages covered with ivy? I thought them the prettiest little houses on the whole estate.

"I never saw such ivy; the walls are covered with it, and it has climbed even to the roofs.

"There is a curious old well close by, under a chestnut-tree."

"Quite true," said Irene.

"In a picture nothing could be more charming—in daily life, nothing more baneful.

"The walls are damp and mouldy from the ivy that you so admire, Daphne. In the whole row of cottages not a single window has been made to open; there is no ventilation whatever.

"The well which, in a picture, would certainly be a most charming object, is in reality an abomination.

"It supplies the only water those poor people have to drink, and it is positively almost poisonous."

A spasm of alarm crossed Lady Ryeford's face.

If this imprudent daughter of hers would but be silent.

She knew that the Earl prided himself on the good management of the estate. She saw Mr. Rigby's face grow serious, and her heart almost sank within her.

Oh for something to check that impudent girl!

"Is that really the case, Irene?" asked the Earl gravely.

"Yes," she answered; "it is worse even than I have said."

"Hill View was always, to my mind, the one weak spot of the Poole estate," said Mr. Rigby. Lady Ryeford breathed again.

Irene might be on the right tack, after all.

"I think it worse than weak," said Irene.

"The health of the people who live there can never be good; fever and rheumatism are always prevalent, and the children have anything but the look of country children. Such old dilapidated places should be pulled down."

"Why," laughed Daphne, "it would be sheer vandalism to destroy such pretty quaint dwellings!"

"One should study health before quaintness," said Irene.

"The first duty of a landowner is to see all his tenants have healthy habitable houses."

"Quite right, Irene," assented the Earl; "you are quite right."

"Thank Heaven!" said Lady Ryeford to herself.

"But how foolish she is—how imprudent! She was just as likely to be wrong as right."

Daphne laughed again.

"Do not listen to her, Lord Cradoc," she said.

"Irene is a veritable iconoclast. Do not pull down those pretty cottages."

"Which fair lady must I listen to?

"Which must I obey?" the Earl asked, smiling.

"Listen to me if you wish your tenants to be happy and healthy," said Irene.

"Listen to me if you wish to preserve one of the most charming 'bits' of the estate," laughed Daphne.

Lord Cradoc looked at Mr. Rigby.

"Between two such authorities, how am I to decide?" he asked.

But the lawyer shook his head.

"Your lordship must not appeal to me," he said: "I should be distracted."

"Listen to neither," put in Lady Ryeford, with a smile.

"Please yourself, Lord Cradoc; you understood the management of an estate before they were born."

"I am always open to reason and conviction," said the Earl.

"Perhaps you may make a compromise," remarked Lady Marcia, "and put Hill View into thorough repair."

"That would never do. The cottages must come down, and be rebuilt on modern principles," said Irene.

"Repairing would be worse than destruction," commented Daphne.

"In either case one must bid farewell to the ivy."

And Lady Marcia said, with a laugh, that she had not gained much by interference.

* * * * * *

The ladies had withdrawn from the dinner-table.

Sir Trevor, utterly indifferent to the attractions of claret and cigars, longing only to be somewhere near Daphne, soon found a pretext for withdrawing, which afforded great amusement to the Earl and the lawyer.

Sir Trevor tried to look indignant; but his face flushed as he heard the hearty laughter.

"Miss Ericcote's blue eyes have something to answer for," said Mr. Rigby. "There was never such a case of complete conversion."

"It would not be half so hard," remarked the Earl, "if he had been like other young men.

"It is late in life for him to take the fever and he has it badly."

"Very badly," returned the lawyer; "and it strikes me he will find there is but one cure."

Then the two men drew their chairs to the fire, and began to discuss matters of more serious importance than Sir Trevor's love-affairs.

"Lord Cradoc," said Mr. Rigby, "I do not know if the same idea has occurred to you as to myself."

"Let me see," responded the Earl. "I can guess partly what it is."

"I was much impressed with what Miss Ryeford said during dinner. I thought the ideas she expressed were ripe for her years. I think she is very prudent and sensible."

"Exactly my opinion," said the Earl; and the two men looked at each other.

"If she had managed an estate for years, she could not understand the duties of a landowner better."

"It is not often that a young girl has so much sense," said the Earl.

"Sensibility and love of the picturesque are very charming," remarked the lawyer; "but sound common-sense is better."

"Yes, certainly. But perhaps, if Miss Ericcote imagined that the duties of a landowner might devolve upon her, she would think differently."

"I do not think so," confessed the lawyer.

"In many respects the characters of the girls are equally balanced; but here the sound judgment of the one pronounced against the cottages; no matter how pretty or how picturesque they might be, if they were bad for the tenants, they must go. It was the right spirit."

"Yes," admitted the Earl, "it was."

"The other," continued Mr. Rigby, "cared and thought more about the picturesque appearance of the cottages than the well-being of the tenants."

"Do you think it a fair test?" asked Lord Cradoc.

"Yes," replied his companion, after a short pause, "I do.

"Each expressed her candid opinion without the slightest reserve.

"Each on the spur of the moment said what she thought.

"And how different those very thoughts were!

"The one said, 'Study the tenant first—the tenant's health and comfort.

"'Never mind expense; sacrifice appearance; rebuild.'

"The other said virtually, 'Do not destroy what is picturesque; do not sacrifice beauty to health.'

"To my mind such language conveys much."

"Miss Erlecote's words were lightly spoken, I am quite sure," said the Earl.

"No doubt," agreed the lawyer; "but it is by the thoughts which prompt the spoken words that we should judge character."

"Certainly," said the Earl.

"If you take this last expression of opinion as a test, there can be little doubt as to which would best administer a large estate."

"I dare say not," said the Earl.

But the lawyer fancied that the words were half reluctantly spoken.

"Of course," he continued, "the first thing you have to think of is Poole—the interest of the estate, the honor of the house, and its future prosperity.

"To my mind, they would be safe in either hands; but you must choose the more able."

"Certainly," said Lord Cradoc.

"What is personal fancy compared with the good of the property and the honor of the house?

"Miss Erlecote, if she became Countess of Cradoc, would be adored—positively adored.

"She would be liberality itself—would give royally on all sides; but I doubt whether she would administer justice."

"Your lordship has indicated the vital difference between the two characters," said Mr. Rigby.

"Both are generous, noble, loyal; but Miss Erlecote is swayed by feeling, Miss Ryeford by principle.

"That is the radical difference between them."

"I think it is," allowed the Earl slowly. "You are right, Mr. Rigby.

"You have made a discovery that Lady Marcia and I have failed to make, and it is an important one."

"Have you said anything yet, Lord Cradoc," asked Mr. Rigby, after some minutes' silence, "as to your motive in asking the young ladies here?"

"No; I have never even hinted at it," answered the Earl.

"Do you think that either of them suspects it?" asked the lawyer.

"No; I feel sure that they do not," replied Lord Cradoc.

"Then," said Mr. Rigby solemnly, "I should say they ought to know. The succession to a great estate is a very important matter, and I do think the sooner this affair is settled the better."

"I agree with you," returned the Earl. "But do you think, Rigby, that there is an absolute necessity for my telling them?"

"Yes.

"I think most decidedly they ought to be told," was the emphatic reply.

"If your choice should fall on Miss Erlecote, it would be needful for her to leave that artist-father of hers, and come here to live with Lady Marcia.

"She could never go home to that kind of life again—never."

"True," said the Earl—"most true."

"If you should select Miss Ryeford," pursued the lawyer, "you must make some arrangement for her mother. The most natural would be that she should come to live here.

"You could not separate mother and daughter."

"Would that my sons were still living!" sighed the Earl.

"So," concluded Mr. Rigby, "for many reasons I think it much better that you should tell them.

"And no one can do it so well as yourself."

"Then I will not delay," said Lord Cradoc.

He kept his word.

He would have spoken to the girls that night; but there was no getting rid of Sir Trevor.

"I can see," said the young Baronet to Daphne that night, "that every one wants me to go.

"Lady Marcia has yawned a dozen times or more.

"Lady Ryeford has looked most pathetically at her watch.

"Miss Ryeford's eyes say gloomily, 'I am tired'; and yet I cannot tear myself away. Why is it, do you think?"

Daphne shook her head.

"How can I tell? But I think, if I were in your place, and saw distinctly that every one wished me to go, I should endeavor to meet their wishes."

"Would you?" he questioned. "That is quite sufficient, Miss Erlecote; I will wish you good evening."

"I do not mean to be unkind," explained Daphne.

"You are more than unkind," he said; "you are indifferent."

But Daphne did not grieve; she knew that he would be back early the next day to unsay his word of the previous night.

On the following morning the Earl took breakfast with the ladies.

It was not his custom to do so, and they thought he looked anxious and careworn.

"I should be glad," he said, after a time, "if you would all come to the library presently.

"I have something important to say to you, and it will be best said when we are all together."

Lady Marcia as a matter of course, guessed what was coming; but Lady Ryeford looked up in surprise.

"I hope there is nothing wrong?" she said hurriedly.

"No, nothing wrong," replied the Earl; "but there is much at stake."

Half an hour afterwards they met in the library.

Lady Ryeford looked pale and anxious.

What could this solemn council be about? she wondered.

Had her suspicion been correct? Had they assembled in respect of the inheritance at Poole?

If so, well might the Earl say there was much at stake.

Daphne and Irene suspected nothing; they could scarcely imagine that anything more important than a ball or a party was on the *tapis*.

They found the Earl seated at his writing table; the girls, who loved him for himself and his gentle kindness, approached him with gentle sympathy.

"There is nothing wrong, dear children" he said, kissing first one fair young face, then the other.

"I am not ill; but I have something to say which distresses me, because it causes me to notice more distinctly than ever the fact that my sons are dead.

"Will you give me your attention for a few moments? Lady Ryeford take this chair.

"Daphne, stand by me—Irene too, dear child.

"I shall feel stronger and better with one of you on either side of me. I have something very important to say to you," he went on.

"Perhaps it would have been better had it been said before; but I have been somewhat of a coward, and I have shrunk from it.

"Has it ever occurred to either of you why I asked you here?"

"Because you wanted to befriend us," replied Irene.

"Because you wanted to know more of us," answered Daphne.

"Both reasons are quite correct," said the Earl, smiling; "but there was another, an all-important one. Can you guess what it was?"

He did not notice how deathly pale Lady Ryeford's face had grown.

"I am most stupid at guessing," said Irene.

"When I am asked to guess anything, my head is in a whirl," confessed Daphne.

"Heaven bless them both!" thought the Earl.

It was a source of genuine delight to him to think that no mercenary idea had entered the mind of either.

"The one thing that should be dear to the head of a house is its honor, the preservation of its glory.

"I thought, in my blindness, that with my trust all would be well; but it has pleased Heaven that it should be otherwise. As you well know, my sons—whom I trained so carefully, who I hoped would be a glory to their race—are both dead. And before I die"—here the old man sobbed bitterly—"I must choose a successor.

"You know perhaps the rule of succession in the Cradoc family; in any case I will explain it.

"If there are no male heirs, both title and estates can descend to a woman—always provided that that woman was near to kin."

Lord Cradoc paused for a few moments, and Lady Ryeford grew even paler and more anxious.

"Had my sons lived," resumed the Earl, "the elder one, Lord Hyde, would of course have succeeded me, and Bertie would have had West Lynn.

"If I had had but one son, he would have been at the same time Earl of Cradoc and Baron Hyde.

"At first I was too stunned to grasp what the death of my boys entailed; but Mr Rigby brought me to my senses, and I realized that I must look out for a successor. It is strange yet true, that, so far as we can ascertain, I have no male relatives. Our family, which was once a numerous one, has for many generations diminished. The only relatives I have in the world are yourselves."

The Earl paused again from emotion, while the girls were well nigh awe-stricken and Lady Ryeford's suspense became almost intolerable.

"The honor of the name and of the family rests entirely in your hands," pursued the Earl.

"There are yet one or two matters which I have omitted to explain—first, that, when the succession falls to a woman, neither a widow nor a married woman can succeed, and secondly, that, when the heiress marries, her husband must, by letters-patent, adopt her name.

"I have looked carefully through the family annals, and am quite sure of my facts.

"You assembled here with me are the only living relatives I possess."

Lady Ryeford drew a long breath. How would it all end?

"I need scarcely add therefore," continued the Earl, "that from you I must choose my successor."

The two young girls gazed in amazement at their host.

"I may tell you the whole truth now," he went on.

"Mr. Rigby helped me; indeed it was he who, after making your acquaintance, found out where you lived and all about you.

"Then I finally asked you both here that I might, with the help of others, decide as to the succession to Poole."

The girls gazed blankly at each other; Lord Cradoc turned to Lady Ryeford.

"You, Lady Ryeford," he said, "had you remained Eleanor Hyde, would have undoubtedly been Countess of Cradoc. As a widow you are not eligible.

"There remain only these two young girls, of whom one must succeed to the title and estates.

"Having stated frankly," he continued, "that I asked you, Daphne, and you, Irene, to visit me in order that myself, my sister-in-law, and my friends might have the opportunity of judging which we considered would make the better mistress for Poole, I think it only right to tell you"—with a slight smile on his grave face—"that we have not come to a decision. As regards personal charms and attractions, it would be impossible to award the palm to either.

"Of these however there is no question. In the choice we have to make beauty, grace, amiability must not influence us. We must choose her who will make the best mistress for Poole, who appears to have the greatest capacity for managing an estate."

There was a murmur of assent.

"I have no fear," pursued the Earl, "that there will be any jealousy, and bitterness of spirit between my two dear children here.

"The interests of the race, the honor of the family, must be first considered, everything else is secondary to that.

"Which of you will succeed me I cannot yet say, but I pray Heaven to guide us all right."

"And I," said Daphne fervently.

"I have no fear," said Irene.

"I do not know," added the Earl, "that I have much more to say; but I should like to be clearly understood that there can be no division of the property.

"My sister-in-law, Lady Marcia Hyde, has a pretty little estate called Islam, which had my son Bertie lived, would have been his

"What her intentions now are with regard to that I cannot say.

"The Cradoc inheritance comprises this estate of Poole—which is a very large one, embracing half the town of Aldbury Dale—Aldbury Hall, and a mansion in town called Aldbury House.

"There are also a large accumulation of ready money and quite a fortune in the way of family jewels."

"It is like a story from the 'Arabian Nights,'" remarked Daphne.

But Irene could find no words.

"Now our council is ended," said the Earl, with a grave smile.

"It is rather a heavy weight to put on young shoulders; but, my dear children, you must not let it distress you. When we have come to a decision, it shall be made known to you, and all will be arranged; until then you must try to be as happy as you have been hitherto."

The girls gazed at each other, each one wondering in her heart which would be the chosen one.

"Now go, my dear ladies," said the Earl kindly.

"Leave me quite alone. This is as much as I can bear."

So they obeyed him. The girls walked away together.

They were loving friends by now, and exchanged ideas freely. Daphne was the first to speak.

"This is strange news," she said. "I never dreamed of it; did you?"

"No; it is the last thing I should have thought of," Irene then replied, "the very last."

"How some girls would hate each other in our place!" laughed Daphne.

"What rivals we are! You ought to be Countess of Cradoc, Irene; you are 'to the manner born.'

"I am at home only amongst flowers and pictures."

"You would make quite as good a mistress for Poole as I should," declared Irene.

After a time, Daphne placed her arm around her companion's neck.

"Irene," she said, "would you like to be Countess of Cradoc?"

The elder girl was silent for a brief space; then she answered promptly—

"Yes, I think I should. It would give me such splendid scope."

"Yes, but grave responsibility," said Daphne.

"Should you like to be a great lady, Daphne?" asked Miss Ryeford; and the dark beautiful face smiled into the fair one.

"Yes, indeed I should. I would seem as if some good fairy had interposed in my behalf."

"Well we shall never quarrel whichever way it is," said Miss Ryeford.

"No; we will be loyal to each other," responded Daphne. "The choice rests entirely with others, and we cannot help what others think of us. One thing I am convinced of; you have more common-sense, greater business capacity than I have.

"If you are chosen, there will not be one bitter thought in my heart against you; and, if I am chosen, I feel you will love me just the same."

"I am sure I shall," said Irene. "How strange it all seems!" she mused.

And the girl's beautiful passionate face grew tender with thoughts of her distant lover.

What would Arran say when he heard of this?

Would it widen the distance between them, or would it bridge it over?

That to her was the all-important question.

"I wonder how it will be settled, Irene?" remarked Daphne pensively.

Before Miss Ryeford had time to reply, her mother appeared on the scene. She smiled sweetly at Daphne.

"What a strange experience!" she said. "We were hardly prepared for it. Irene, I want to speak to you at once; come to my room."

Once in her mother's room, Irene saw how extreme was her state of nervous tension.

"My darling child," she began, "I want to take counsel with you.

"Close the door; lock it, that we may not be interrupted."

Irene did as she was told.

"I had guessed it, Irene!" Lady Ryeford cried, in a tone of passionate excitement. "I never said one word to anybody; but I had guessed it; and you will be chosen. I am sure of it."

"I do not see how you can be sure, mamma.

"The Earl himself has evidently made no choice."

"The matter lies in your own hands, Irene.

"I am certain of it.

"When you spoke as you did about the cottages, I was bitterly grieved; now I see that it was the very best thing you could have done."

"But mamma," cried the girl indignantly, "you know perfectly well that when I spoke about the cottages I had no idea of the present state of affairs."

"It was all for the best my dear," said her ladyship hurriedly.

"It was a great risk; but you could have done nothing better.

"Mr. Rigby and the Earl were both very much struck.

"If you will only play your cards well, you will win.

"I am sure you will win—and the bare idea drives me almost frantic.

"What would your father have said had he known that you would one day be Countess of Cradoc?"

No light came into the dark eyes.

"Mamma," said the girl, "you must understand me.

"I have no cards to play as you phrase it.

"The Earl shall not be biased in his decision by me.

"If by the raising of my finger I could influence him in his choice, I would not raise it."

"Blind and foolish girl!" cried Lady Ryeford.

"The world lies at your feet; a fortune is thrown to you, and you will not extend those proud hands of yours to take it. Ah, foolish girl, how you will repent this!"

But of "playing her cards well" Lady Ryeford never spoke to her daughter again.

* * * * * * *

"Lady Marcia," said Daphne solemnly, yet with a gleam of laughter in her blue eyes, "I believe that you would like me to be mistress at Poole."

"What induces you to think that, Daphne?" asked Lady Marcia wonderingly as though her most important secret had been discovered.

"Well your eyes follow me so wistfully; and I think I know what the reason is."

"What, my dear?"

"Because I am like Alaric. Is it not so, Lady Marcia?

"Tell me.

"You do not base your wish for my success or any higher ground; it is not because you think me suited for the position, but because I have Alaric's face."

"Well, my dear, I think you are right," allowed Lady Marcia meekly; "but I did not think you would read me so well. My opinion, of course, will not have much weight."

"I do not know," said Daphne, "that I should be best fitted for the post.

"I think sometimes that my nature is too bright and buoyant for great responsibilities."

"Yet you have borne great responsibilities all through your life, Daphne."

"Of a different kind, Lady Marcia. Looking at the matter from Lord Cradoc's stand point, that the honor and glory of the house are the primary consideration, I do not think I am a suitable successor."

"Of course it will a magnificent position, but I am sure that I myself should shrink from it.

"Although only a coronet is at stake, one cannot but think of Shakspere's words, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'"

"Yes, Lady Marcia, happiness does not necessarily dwell in the high places of earth.

"I am not ambitious.

"I would not be a queen if I could—so lonely so isolated.

"Indeed I am not sure whether I would wish to be Countess of Cradoc."

On that day they had a severe fright about the Earl.

He had not seemed well of late; he looked pale, and he complained constantly of great fatigue and weakness.

In the morning, as he was reading his newspaper, resting in an easy-chair, he had

fainted, and there had been great consternation in the household.

He was well again before the doctor reached Poole, but the medical man looked very grave after visiting his lordship.

When he spoke to Lady Marcia, he said that there was no immediate danger, but that the Earl was in a low weak state—that the action of the heart was impaired, and that it was impossible to say what might not occur.

Lady Marcia was terrified, and she sent at once for her chief adviser and friend, Mr. Rigby.

The good lawyer was distressed when he heard the news.

"He has never got over the loss of the boys, and he never will," said Mr. Rigby.

"The Earl should begin to make his arrangements at once.

"If you will permit me, I will speak to him myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Light at Last.

BY OLIVE BELL.

EDITHA VANE had known for a long while there was something out of the usual order in the lives the two brothers, Adrian and Vivian Long, led at Laurel Cottage, the pretty country place they had purchased one year before.

The young men went abroad freely, welcome visitors at every fireside in the neighborhood, but no one had ever been known to cross the threshold of their own door.

The few persistent persons who made their way to the cottage uninvited—as some did—were invariably met by the grum old housekeeper with the information that her young masters were out for the day, or some message to the same purport, and she would stand patiently in the open door until such visitors had gone down the walk and disappeared.

Of course curiosity was excited, and had not the young man conducted themselves with strict propriety abroad, most damaging suspicions would have prevailed.

"The Longs are certainly hiding some secret," their numerous friends said; "but they are such exemplary gentlemen it must be a harmless one."

Accident furnished Editha Vane with an inkling of the truth.

She was riding out one morning when her horse took fright at some trifle, just as she was passing the cottage, and threw her within a rod of the gate.

The young girl was stunned for a moment or two, and when she recovered a little, Adrian and Vivian were both bending over her with pale anxious faces.

"Are you hurt, Miss Vane?" they inquired in one breath.

She made an effort to sit up.

"No.

"I feel giddy and confused—that is all."

Even as she spoke everything again grew dark before her eyes.

Vivian's voice seemed to come from a remote distance, as he said hastily to his brother—

"The poor girl has fainted again.

"We must take her in, and call Mrs. Garth."

"Would it be quite safe?" remonstrated Adrian.

"We must run the risk.

"It would be inhuman to do otherwise."

Like one in a helpless dream, Editha felt herself lifted up, and borne along the walk to the house.

The strong arms that held her were Adrian's however, and for one instant their pressure was almost suffocating ere he placed her in the easy-chair which Vivian wheeled quickly to the open window.

"Now tell Mrs. Garth to come with restoratives," he cried.

When the girl's mind cleared, they were all three beside her.

She said little at first, but sat gazing curiously about the apartment.

It was a pleasant room, elegantly furnished, filled with such pretty trifles as only a woman's deft fingers can arrange, and yet, as Editha glanced furtively at the somewhat awkward hard-featured housekeeper, she felt intuitively that Mrs. Garth could have had nothing to do with this adorning.

"Who then?"

She had just asked herself the mental question when footsteps were heard overhead, and there came a sound as of some one beating against a closed door.

The brothers exchanged glances, and Adrian turned hastily to leave the room.

At the same instant Editha heard a woman's voice crying—

"Let me out.

"How dare you lock me in here?

"I will not submit to it."

Adrian sprang up the stairs, scaling two at a time.

A key clicked in its lock, and his musical tones reached the listening ears below, breathing words of gentle remonstrance.

"Be quiet, Florine.

"Do not excite yourself so.

"It is best you should remain in your chamber for awhile."

"Humph!

"You are planning some mischief.

"Otherwise you would never dream of locking me in like an unruly child.

"I intend to find out what it is."

The woman's wild laugh seemed to pierce Editha's ear.

There came the sound of a brief struggle—then all was still.

When Editha ventured to look at Vivian at length he was pale as death, and trembling in every limb.

"What is the meaning of all this?" she demanded.

"I cannot tell you, I dare not," he answered with a groan.

"Try to forget that you have seen or heard anything unusual here."

"But who is that woman?"

"A poor half-crazed creature my brother and I have taken in out of pity.

"Pray, Miss Vane, do not speak of her presence here to any one outside of the house."

Editha's lip curled scornfully.

"Fear nothing," she said.

"Your secret is safe with me, Mr. Long."

A few minutes later Adrian reappeared, Editha had never seen him look so white and troubled.

"Are you better?" he inquired anxiously.

"My own horse is at the door.

"I will drive you home at once, if you feel equal to the exertion."

How anxious he seemed to be rid of her!

Editha rose, her pulses thrilling with pain.

This was the man to whom her heart's best love had been suffered to go out—a poor wretch whose life held some shameful or dangerous secret.

Ah, how very foolish indeed she had been!

Both were silent during the brief homeward drive, but Adrian, as he set her down at her own door, suddenly caught her hand, looking imploringly into the old half-averted face with his grave earnest eyes.

"You are angry with me, Miss Vane," he said hesitatingly.

"You think perhaps I have no right to keep a secret from the world?"

"No," she replied, in a haughty tone; "I have no interest whatever in your affairs."

His face twitched; he took a moment to recover himself.

"Once I thought differently," he breathed.

"I fancied you were learning to love me as devotedly as I love you."

Editha could endure no more.

This declaration was so different from the one she had often pictured to herself.

Snatching her hand from his clasp, she entered the house and ran upstairs to her own room, almost hysterical with excitement.

"How dare he speak of love while that woman remains an inmate of his house!" she exclaimed, beginning to sob piteously. "I almost hate him for it."

The next day Editha was sitting alone in the cozy parlor, when the door-bell rang, and a visitor was ushered in—Vivian Long.

He came hastily forward, his face wearing so strange an expression the girl was instantly struck by it.

"I have passed such a wretched night!" he cried abruptly, before she could speak. "I never closed my eyes.

"I feared that the event of yesterday might cause you to distrust and dislike me, and that is more than I could tamely endure."

He seemed to struggle with himself a moment, then resumed—

"I came to extort a promise from you, Editha.

"Do not refuse, unless you would drive me to despair."

"A promise?" she asked faintly. "What is it?"

"You must have known for a long time how I was learning to think of you.

"I want you to swear to remain faithful to me for one year, let what will happen during the meantime."

He was looking straight into her eyes.

Editha gave a frightened start.

She had never thought of him save as a friend.

Some impulse it was impossible to control led her to say abruptly—

"Tell me who is the woman now stopping at Laurel Cottage?

"What relation does she bear to your brother Adrian?

"Is she his—his——"

Her voice broke and died away.

The scowl that had wrinkled Vivian's brow when she first began to speak, faded quickly, and his whole face brightened.

"What?" he cried eagerly.

"Adrian's wife?" the words, spoken with a tremendous effort were scarcely audible.

She stood with clasped hands, her pulses beating high.

"Yes, the woman is my brother's wife" Vivian replied in a husky voice.

"You know so much already I shall keep nothing back.

"Three years ago he was deluded into marrying her, and before the honeymoon had waned she was a raving maniac.

"Insanity had been in the family from which she sprang for several generations.

"Adrian knew nothing of this until it was too late.

"The poor thing has been more rational since we brought her to Laurel Cottage, one year ago.

"Pride alone led us to conceal her existence from our friends.

"We intended no wrong by it."

Wiping the cold drops of moisture from his forehead, he added imploringly—

"Now for the promise I came to extort; it will be a great comfort to me, Editha. Surely you cannot refuse."

She hesitated.

Her cheeks burned like fire.

Why should she not consent, and thus show Adrian how she despised his treachery in daring to speak of love to her while he had a wife living?

"Give me twenty-four hours for reflection," she said finally, after a bitter struggle.

Vivian begged with strange vehemence for an immediate promise, but as she remained firm, at last he went reluctantly away.

Editha spent a wretched night.

It seemed dreadful that all her bright hopes should be blighted and her life broken before the happy years of girlhood had passed.

The next morning she was wandering listlessly about the grounds when the garden gate clanged, and a woman came hurriedly towards her—a pallid young thing, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks who must once have been very beautiful.

"Are you Miss Vane?" she asked, almost in a whisper, pausing with clasped hands.

Editha recognized the voice instantly.

It was that of the strange woman at Laural Cottage.

"I wish to make a request," the intruder went on hurriedly, looking at Editha as though the latter held her life in her keeping.

"I am a poor unfortunate soul who has known nothing save trouble.

"Some folks say I am not altogether right here."

And she passed both hands slowly across her forehead.

"You seem to be good and kind, miss. The doctors tell me I have only a few weeks to live, and surely you will not begrudge me what little happiness I can find in that brief time."

"What do you mean?" Editha inquired, with a perplexed air.

"Of course I will do anything you wish.

"Don't be afraid to speak."

The woman breathed a long shuddering sigh.

"I thought you would understand at once.

"My husband loves you, and can think of no one else.

"Ah, it is dreadful.

"When I am dead, of course you will marry him if you wish.

"But oh, for pity's sake, let me have him all to myself while I live."

Editha was horrified, and leaned half-fainting against the rustic bench beside her.

"You are laboring under a delusion," she said.

"Adrian Long is nothing to me.

"The one wish of my heart is that I may never see him again.

"Until this moment I have been in doubt as to the course I ought to pursue, but now my mind is made up.

"To prove to you my sincerity I have decided to marry his brother Vivian."

"Vivian," gasped the woman.

"Why, it is he I mean; he is my husband."

Editha sat down, shocked and stunned by the revelation.

All at once, in her deep bewilderment, she was conscious that some one had knelt before her, and clasped her passive hand.

It was Adrian Long.

He had followed Florine, and came up unobserved, just in time to hear all that was said.

"What a singular mistake," he breathed. "Was it the delusive belief that this poor creature was my wife that made you so cold and hard to me, Editha?

"Something in your face leads me to hope, in spite of your bitter words. May I?"

Her head fell upon his shoulder.

She understood all at once.

It was now clear as daylight why Vivian wished to extort that promise from her.

Before the year went by his wife would be dead, his freedom restored.

"How blind I have been," she cried aloud.

It no longer mattered however.

Strong loving arms were round her, and she knew the end would be happiness and peace.

ADVICE ON DEPORTMENT.—Don't mistake giggling for cheerfulness, slang phrases for wit, boisterous rudeness for frank gaiety, impertinent speeches for repartees. On the other hand, don't be prim, nor assume a "country face" eloquent of "prunes potatoes, prisms," nor sit bolt upright in a corner, hands, feet, eyes, and lips carefully posed for effect.

An effect will be produced, but not the one you wish. Nor yet sit scornfully reserved, criticizing the dress, manners, looks, etc., of those around you. Make up your mind that your companions are, on the whole, a tolerably nice set of people—if they are not, you had no business to come among them—that there is something to respect and like in each of them. Determine to have a nice time while you stay; then do your part to make it so. Be genial, cordial, and frank.

If you can play and sing ordinarily well, do not refuse to take your share in the entertaining your companions in that way. You cannot be expected to sing like a Nilsson. If you cannot play or sing, say so frankly, and do not be humiliated. You probably excel in some other accomplishment.

Even if you do not, you can possess that one grand accomplishment to which all others are accessories, that of being "a lady"—a true woman, gentle and gracious, modest and lovable.

M. S.

Bric-a-Brac.

SURNAME.—This is the over-name; either the name written over the Christian name or given over and above it; an additional name. For a long time persons had no family name but only one, and that a personal name. Surnames are not traced farther back than the latter part of the tenth century.

HER NAIL.—A curious feature of Chinese coins, the nail mark, appears to have originated in an accident very characteristic of China. In the time of Queen Wenlek, a model in wax of a proposed coin was brought for Her Majesty's inspection. In taking hold of it, she left on it the impression of one nail, and the impression has in consequence not only been a marked characteristic of Chinese coins for hundreds of years, but has even been copied on those of Japan and Corea.

THE ROSE.—The appearance of Christianity gave to the rose an origin, and we cite the legend. Once, a holy woman of Bethlehem, falsely accused and calumniated, was condemned to perish by fire. She prayed to our Lord, beseeching Him to come to her aid, because He knew she was not guilty of what they reproached her with. The fire went out immediately; the burning fagots were transformed into red rose-bushes covered with flowers, and those that were not lit into white ones. These roses were the first ever seen, and became from that time the flower of the martyrs.

EASTER EGGS.—Until within a few years back, playing with Easter eggs was a national pastime for children on Easter Sunday all over Denmark. Half a dozen or more children, each provided with a score of hard-boiled eggs, assembled at the house of some comrade, the eggs being colored or painted with different emblems. A small heap of sand was placed in the room—carpets being generally unknown, except in rich families—a tile placed at an incline of about seventy degrees in the sand, and each child in his turn let his egg roll down the incline, every egg cannoned against belonging to the lucky player.

THE COURT JESTER.—The jester attached to the Court of Peter the Great of Russia was remarkable for his ingenuity in extricating himself and others from trouble. A cousin of his, on one occasion, had fallen under the Czar's displeasure, and was about to be executed. The jester presented himself at court to petition for a reprieve. On seeing him enter the chamber of state, and divining his errand, the monarch shouted to him, "It's no use coming here; I swear I will not grant what you are going to ask." Quick as thought the fool dropped on his knees and exclaimed, "I beseech your Imperial Highness to put that scamp of a cousin of mine to death." Peter, thus caught in his own trap, had no choice but to laugh, and sent a pardon to the offender.

BIG COUNTING.—A king once, anxious to reward one of his subjects for valuable services performed to the state, asked in what way the subject would take his recompense. The king and his subject were both sixty-four years of age, and the wise man asked that he might be granted a kernel of wheat for the first year of their lives, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, sixteen for the fifth and so on. By continuing the calculation until the result has been doubled the sixty-fourth time, the astounding number of 9,223,372,036,854,775,808 will appear. It is generally conceded that the average number of wheat kernels in a pint is 9,216, which will give 18,432 for a peck and 589,824 for a bushel, or 31,274,997,411,298 bushels of grain as the courtier's reward for the services, a larger amount than the whole world would produce in several years.

QUEER NAMES.—In the New York Directory are to be found the names of Fox, Lyon, Bear, Tyger, Knif, Ox, Horse, Colt, Hogg, Dogg, Pigg, Sowe, Bullock, Boar, Bull, Ratt, Katze, Hound, Spaniel, Froggo, Deer, Moose, and Asse. No polecats are found, but plenty of weasels, a mink or two, a good many wolfs or wolves, as the plural may be. The fishes are well represented by Fish, Whale, Sturgeon, Creppy, Cod, Perch, and Pike; while the birds also have their representatives in Bird, Fowl, Hawk, Pigeon, Falcon, Kite, Crow, Henn, Turkey, Raven, Eagle, Chicken, Goose, Duck, Bantam, Swallow, and Buzzard. Even the insects are not forgotten, for there are Buggs, Flyes, Spiders, Slugge, and Hoppers. Whether some of these names were originally characteristic, others accidental, and others again given in scorn and ridicule, is probably at present unattainable knowledge.

NICKNAMES.—The following are the nicknames by which the States in American Union are designated in the familiar political vocabulary of America: Alabama, lizards; Arkansas, toothpicks; California, gold hunters; Colorado, rovers; Connecticut wooden nutmegs; Delaware, blue hen's chickens; Florida, fly-up-the-creeks; Georgia, crackers; Illinois, suckers; Indiana, hoosiers; Iowa, hawk-eyes; Kansas, jayhawkers; Kentucky, corn-crackers; Louisiana, creoles; Maine, foxes; Maryland, crawthumpers; Michigan, wolverines; Minnesota, gophers; Mississippi, tadpoles; Missouri, pukes; Nebraska, bug-eaters; Nevada, sage hens; New Hampshire, granite boys; New Jersey, blues, or clam-catchers; New York, knickerbockers; North Carolina, tarboilers and tuckoes; Ohio, buckeyes; Oregon, web-feet and hard cases; Pennsylvania, leatherheads and Pennamites; Rhode Island gunflints; South Carolina, weasels; Tennessee, wholps; Texas, beef-heads; Vermont, Green Mountain boys; Virginia, beadles; and Wisconsin, badgers.

NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS.

BY S. S. MITCHELL.

Sing, nightingale, your sweetest song,
For lo, the cereus blooms to-night,
For thee she dons her snowy robe,
And bares her breast of pearly white.

Sing soft and low, but once she shows,
The glory of her shining crown,
But once alone the silent stars
Upon her waxen cup look down.

On lonely mount, untangled wild,
In jungle dark, a valley deep,
Thy song alone, sweet nightingale,
Shall lull the pureless flower to sleep.

A sleep that knows no waking hour,
For when the morning gilds the skies,
And bird and bee, awake to life,
She folds her bridal robe and dies.

UPTON COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

MARGARET awoke after her sound night's rest in a brighter mood, for she was young, and the rallying power of youth is not easily exhausted. Without, lay fair and bright the landscape through which she had driven the night before, but which was then invisible in the darkness.

Now for the first time her eyes drank in the beauty of the fertile vale of Severn as it lay stretched before them, richly cultivated, richly wooded, swelling gently here and there, with no monotony in its diversified sameness, till it met on the horizon the blue slopes of Bredon Hill or the fainter range of the Cotswolds.

To the left the towers and spires of Worcester clustered glittering in the morning sun round the loftier tower of the great cathedral.

In the foreground, divided from the old house only by its sweep of gardens, rolled the Severn, its calm, brown waters gleaming here and there like silver in the level rays.

As Margaret looked a hay barge came lazily down the stream, a man at the stern holding the tiller, another smoking his pipe in idle enjoyment at the bow, a thin curl of blue smoke drifting away from the stove-pipe of the little forecastle.

All was bright peace and calm, and a feeling of comfort stole into the girl's heart as she looked around and thought that, whatever else she had to bear, she had at least this loveliness to live in.

That she should be able to go in and out among the fair flowers, and beneath the grand old trees, that her daily tasks would be fulfilled in the presence of this beloved nature instead of in the imprisoning wilderness of bricks and mortar which men call a town.

And the love of and delight in nature, which had thus proved her earliest solace, were her never-failing comfort during the monotonous life on which she that day entered.

It would be wearisome to follow it day by day and chronicle its small events—so small and yet so dreary in the aggregate that but for some such spring of consolation they must have crushed the very life out of her.

Gloomy indeed was the atmosphere that pervaded the little household that vegetated in one corner of the ancient mansion; far more gloomy was the mistress whom they served.

Her life was the same from day to day, if life that could be called which was but the dragging out of a mere existence, apparently devoid of every hope and interest.

It made Margaret, fearing always some neglect of duty in herself, uneasy to find how little she did for her.

How little there was, on the other hand, to do!

From the time she came down, with slow, languid step, in the morning to that when so slowly she followed Mrs. Cator back to her chamber at night, all was dull vacancy or listless routine.

Though unconsciously observing at her meals all the niceties of behavior natural only to the gently-born, she went through them with mechanical apathy.

She walked when it was fine, and Mrs. Cator brought her her bonnet as if it were something that had to be gone through, but concerning which she had no volition.

Sometimes she would read or even answer a letter.

She listened to Margaret's sweet voice when she read aloud to her now and then.

But through it all there seemed to hang over her a veil, intangible, impalpable, indeed, separating her nevertheless as surely from all around as if it were to be seen by mortal eyes and touched by mortal hands.

And, utterly cold and dead to others as she appeared, she was yet no nonentity, still less no amiable one.

She possessed character in abundance, though in wreck and ruin.

Totally indifferent to ninety-nine things out of a hundred, careless how they were decided so long as she was not troubled by them, she would about the hundredth suddenly exhibit a force of will and obstinate determination with which no one in the house save the old man-servant, Cator, could attempt to grapple.

And, as to amiability, whenever she did characterise the proceedings of others or pass some judgment on them, it was always with a hard severity which shocked Margaret, bred up as she had been in high minded and generous views, and made her stand aghast at the greatness of the blind injustice which entirely refused to believe in any but bad and selfish motives.

She was seldom sufficiently wide-awake to take offence, but when she did the offending person or thing must suffer, as far as she could inflict it, the extremity of punishment.

She would kill the little flies that buzzed harmlessly about on a summer's day with as much malice prepense as a cruel child. Long did Margaret remember the dark look that came over her vengeful face one day as before she would allow any remedies to be applied, she caught and killed a wasp that had stung her.

Another time she deliberately broke into a hundred pieces a valuable china vase against which she had accidentally hurt her hand.

Her heart, as far as it revealed itself, seemed to contain little else than hatred of all men, and the very essence of the terror she inspired lay in this, so loathsome and repugnant to human nature is that which, even if it possesses no power to harm, wills nothing but evil to others.

Mouldering and dilapidated, wrapped in such a heavy gloom as would have befitted Bluebeard's castle, the house was well suited to its mistress.

Parts of it were very ancient.

An unbroken chain of evidence testified that a dwelling had stood on its site for above eight hundred years.

But in the days of the first Georges great sums of money had been spent in reducing its varying parts into one great square mansion of most prosaic ugliness.

Since then it had received, from the hands of successive Durrants, many alterations and additions, for the most part singularly tasteless.

As it now stood there was not the slightest break in the monotony of the long line of the entrance front.

Straight rows of tall, narrow, small-paned windows stretched across it.

In the centre a flight of stone steps led up to the great hall-door, with its circular heading—all was rigid and depressing exactitude.

The only gleam of cheerfulness about the place was on the other side, where French windows, opening to the ground, faced the warm south-eastern aspect.

At the northern end of this front a wing, one of the more recent additions, ran out at right angles from towards the river, and contained the kitchens and offices, all carefully veiled from the pleasure grounds by a screen of shrubs, now thick and dense as a wood, overgrown and neglected.

It was a neglect in which everything had a part.

Doors and window-frames were innocent of paint.

Grass grew in the interstices of the stone steps and copings.

The very bricks of which the house was built, instead of wearing a cheerful, time-worn hue, were black with damp caused by the too-closely overhanging trees.

The interior matched the exterior very well.

The great suites of reception-rooms, large, lofty, and well-proportioned, filled with once handsome, now decaying, furniture, were unutterably saddening in the melancholy of their desertion.

Above, the bedrooms opened right and left from a lofty main corridor leading from the dim, ghostly stairs, and having at its farther end a great window with deep, low window-seat.

Once, doubtless, a pleasant lounging-place for happy lovers on a summer's day, now only a part of the surrounding desolation.

Dismal indeed were the darkened disused chambers, with their damp, musty smell, and tall, funeral-looking four-post bedsteads.

Dismal was the echoing vacancy of the great staircase and long winding passages.

More dismal still the attic story above, with its dark draughty lumber-rooms, and huge waste-places, where the rats and mice held high carnival in the long winter nights among oaken chests, piles of mouldering books, old pictures, ancient furniture, and all the indescribable rubbish of an antiquated country place.

It was no wonder therefore that when Mrs. Cator first showed her through the house and opened the long-closed shutters that she might see those deserted rooms, they should appear to Margaret somewhat bare.

Yet there was still much there to interest her deeply.

Those large lofty chambers had a fascination for her in their lonely emptiness.

The rich antique furniture in some of them claimed the admiration of her beauty loving eye.

Above all, the sight of an old piano in the drawing-room thrilled her with delight, even though she could not touch it then, for it was locked, and she knew it must be out of tune, even should she at last succeed in obtaining the key.

But apart from this there was another and still deeper source of interest lying open to her in the pictures on the walls.

The picture before which Margaret kept Mrs. Cator longest waiting—that which had struck her most—was one hanging in the great, mournful drawing-room opposite to the old piano.

The spring sunlight, which wandered in through the dusty windows, showing so cruelly the defects and blemishes in all around, could find few here.

"That's the mistress's picture," said the old servant, as she saw Margaret's eyes fastened on it, and heard her low exclamation.

"Yes; she was reckoned a beautiful lady once."

Beautiful indeed!

Strong as the words were, they did her but scant justice.

The portrait showed a young girl of some twenty years of age standing, in her riding habit, bare-headed under an evening sky.

The gorgeous hues of a sunset painted with admirable power and truth threw out into bold relief the brilliant young figure which seemed the animated embodiment of perfect grace and health, and, at the same time, scarcely less so of perfect pride.

One could not fail to notice the exquisite outlines of the slight girlish figure, so admirably set off by the coquettish form of the old-fashioned riding-habit, the masses of jet black hair, the delicate contour of the perfect features, the size and depth of the great brown eyes, the clearness of the dark skin.

But at the same time there forced itself upon the beholder the attitude of command in which she stood, the firm outlines of the mouth and chin, the scornful curl of the short upper lip, while the dainty pose of the little head was scarcely more graceful than haughty, and the small hand grasping so lightly the slender jewelled riding-whip held it as if it were a monarch's sceptre.

The picture had successfully achieved the end and aim of all true portrait painting—the indication, that is, of the mind and soul as well as the perfect representation of the outward form.

And the mind and soul here grasped and fixed corresponded ill with that glorious outward beauty.

Showed rather a character of strong, undisciplined passions, a heart devoured by selfishness and pride.

In the magnificent eyes there was no depth of tender, wistful sweetness.

Those perfect lips had never trembled with words of self-reproach, had never pleaded for pardon, had never smiled or quivered in sympathy with her fellow-creatures.

There was but one conclusion to be drawn from the expression stamped so plainly on the beautiful delicate features—that which Margaret drew as she turned away at length with a sigh, oppressed by the power and beauty of the painting.

And it was that, with all her loveliness, few men and hardly any women could really have loved Miss Durrant of Upton Court.

"She's not much like that now," remarked Mrs. Cator, as they moved away.

"She is greatly changed," answered Margaret, "but that is like her still."

Her companion marvelled at this.

But Margaret had spoken as she felt.

To her keener, more delicate perception the face she had left brooding over the morning-room fire an hour before was, though a wreck, the wreck of the beautiful imaged face before her—fearfully, sadly changed, with an expression of remorseful gloom superadded, but the same face still.

And as the girl's mind reverted on that day and many a succeeding one to the likeness and unlikeness between the pictured and the living woman, pondering what the cause might be that had produced them, she learnt at last to grow thankful for the heavy trials which, though at the price of abounding sorrow, had taught her sympathy for others.

Thoughts like these, wise and patient, came to cheer her as she settled down into the monotony of her daily life, tried to feel interest in the new duties, to bear cheerfully the new neglect, to make acquaintance and become friends with the new people among whom she had been thrown.

Cator and his wife had been fully prepared at her coming to despise and dislike the poor young relative who would be the cause of additional trouble to them, and perhaps try to dispute their sway.

But neither of them could withstand her sweet face and winning ways, so meek and unobtrusive, bright too, with a certain softly sparkling brightness, whenever the fear and melancholy that oppressed her chanced to relax their hold.

She on her part had at first a great awe of them, for they were grave, elderly, and she by no means comprehended their curt, unservant-like manner.

But as this time went on she began to have a certain confidence in them and a great respect for their trustworthiness, in spite of the man's oddities and the woman's reserved silence.

Only in time, however.

Then they did but form another element in the surrounding depression.

Not all at once could those slow, taciturn natures become proud and fond of the fair young creature whose presence somewhat relieved the gloom that enveloped the stately old house.

Though the ice in this direction only thawed gradually, Margaret established good relations from the very beginning with Anne, the third and last servant in the household.

She was a good-hearted, honest village girl, not particularly intelligent, with experience reaching no farther than her native hamlet, half a mile from Upton Court.

But she possessed a great faculty of devotion, which from the very first she poured out at Margaret's feet.

In her eyes Miss Lindsay was something almost more than human—so pretty and clever, so bright and gracious—never out of temper, like Miss Durrant or Anne's own especial mistress, Mrs. Cator, whose disposition, somewhat hasty, not to say severe, was a frequent cause of tribulation to the little handmaid.

On Sundays, though Miss Durrant never went and Mrs. Cator but seldom, Margaret was allowed to go to the little church in the village whence Anne came.

Where the non-resident old bachelor clergyman, who did the duty in a somnolent fashion consonant with that sleepy time noticed her kindly, and inquired specially for her when he came to make his next half-yearly call on Miss Durrant.

And the household generally cared so little what she did or where she went that she was able to ramble at will through the deep lanes and springing pastures, or to sit dreaming in some sunny nook as the long spring days drew on, while, to fill the void which nature's sweetest, most passionately loved beauty can never fill in the human heart, there came presently first acquaintance with, then deep interest in, the neighboring poor.

Springing originally out of chance mention of their needs by Mrs. Cator, undertaken first as matters of pure duty, these became in course of time dearer to Margaret than any other occupation.

Much of her time and most of the small allowance her cousin made her were spent on them, evoking in return an amount of gratitude and affection over which she wondered and rejoiced in trembling, so disproportionately large did it appear.

Life would have been more than tolerable to her—would have been peaceful—even at Upton Court and in Miss Durrant's presence, if one disturbing element could have been taken out of it.

And this element, unfelt at first, but more and more apparent as time went on, was the element of fear—fear of many kinds and sundry things, awakened at different times and occasions, but all gradually converging more and more towards some unknown central fact of mysterious horror within whose shadowy confines Margaret felt sometimes as if she were being drawn in spite of herself. Very slight and indefinable were some of these causes of fear in themselves. Nevertheless each helped to corroborate and substantiate the others; and each, as it did so, oppressed the girl with colder terror.

CHAPTER IV.

REFERENCE has already been made to the great sweep of gardens which lay between the house at Upton and the river.

Full of sunshine though these were, they still bore plainly the universal seal of neglect.

The trees were so thick and the undergrowth so wild that they used to recall to Margaret's memory the magic wood which, in the lovely old myth, fenced round the Sleeping Beauty.

All likeness to the fairy tale ceased here however, for Upton, instead of living eyes held fast in enchanted slumber, was full of lifeless ones that never slept. And, though it might seem as if some spell were cast over its gloomy mistress, it was surely of a far different nature, fated to find far other ending than that which bound the gentle Princess.

Great thickets full of overgrown evergreens, and expanses of rough grass, once smoothly shaven lawns, stretched away to the park palings on the Malvern side of the house. And in this, except that all was so neglected, there was nothing out of common. But on the other, or garden front, a series of terraces, not easily to be matched, fell one below the other to the river-bank. Very glorious must they have been in their prime of beauty, surpassing all of the kind in England.

They were square in form, each encircled and shut in by a tall yew hedge, and communicating with each other by means of arches cut in these at regular intervals, while flights of stone steps led from one level to another.

There were no fewer than six of them, laid out in various ways. Some were occupied by a maze of little beds, forming fanciful and intricate geometrical figures, bordered with stone and separated from each other by narrow walks that had once been filled with gravel.

Cypresses formed the salient points of the design, and a sun-dial on a curiously-twisted pillar stood in the midst.

Others had once been velvet grass-plats, with a basin in their midst, in which, long since a fountain played, clothing itself with rainbow hues, and making music to the listening trees.

On the fourth side of the lowest terrace the yew hedge was wanting, its place being supplied by a low stone wall. A broad walk, now overgrown with weeds, ran all round it, enclosing a square stretch of grass.

In the centre of this, instead of the usual fountain, rose a noble old cedar, stretching its stately arms far over the turf, even to the curious statues—green with damp—of river gods which stood at its four corners.

In each angle made by the junction of the massive yew hedge with the river-wall rose a pretty summer-house, built in pagoda fashion, of dark, ruddy sandstone, and fantastically carved.

The light open arcades of each looked out on to the broad river, flowing far below in a strong, silent current, and on to the steep green bank, dotted with sheep here and there, which rose on the other side.

All through these grounds trees of great beauty stood singly or in groups, and evergreens were massed into banks of luxuriant foliage, while in the neglected beds and

borders the old-fashioned sweet-smelling flowers still strove, each in its season, to dispute the sway of the usurping weeds—too often, alas, without success!

Margaret, while wandering through these gardens on the first day of her stay at Upton, came at length to the river-terrace, and, entering one of the pagodas, sank down on the wall above the river—so low on the land side that it formed a pleasant seat—throwing her arm meanwhile round one of the slender columns for support, as she gazed dreamily down into the brown, deep water far below.

A sort of childish delight in exploring so many fresh beauties had diverted her into cheerfulness for a while, but now bodily fatigue again depressed her spirit—the excitement of exploration had faded.

And, as the chill evening breeze arose and the landscape gleamed faintly in the last rays of the sun, her thoughts assumed once more a morbid cast, recalling the names of those mighty streams whose waters never restore what they receive, and wandering if such fatal strength was owned by the "silver Severn."

A sudden shiver, not wholly caused by the increasing cold, ran over her as her busy imagination pictured forth the cries and agonies of drowning men.

She became sensible that she was indulging a fear which might end by being beyond her control, and tried to shake off its grizly terror by turning to the quieter though still sad memories of her home.

So absorbed was she presently in these that she did not notice old Cator as he crossed the rough grass towards her—did not even raise her head when he paused at her side.

He, on his part, stood awhile in silence, unable to look on the mournful drooping of the slight form, the pensive outlines of the pale face, without the first dawning of compassion.

But his voice was gruff as usual when he spoke at last.

"You'll catch your death of cold if you sit there much longer.

"Besides, it's nearly tea-time, and the mistress won't be pleased to be kept waiting."

The girl was roused at last, and that with so sudden a start that she almost lost her balance, and had it not been for her hold of the pillar must have fallen some fifteen feet sheer down into the swift water below.

Trembling at the thought of the danger, she recovered herself as best she might, and lifted her eyes timidly to the quarter whence the voice had come.

Cator had made a sudden step forward to assist her, but, on seeing that she was sufficient for her own need, had as suddenly desisted, and stood quietly leaning on his stick, his keen gray eyes fixed upon her as she resumed the composure he had interrupted.

Then he laughed, as if in derision of the momentary alarm she had shown.

"You'll have to hold fast, young lady, or you'll dream no more dreams.

"Sandstone's too hard a bed for them, and your old fellow down there hates them, and will have none of them in that damp house of his."

Following the direction of his outstretched hand, Margaret looked down again towards the river, taking in more clearly, what she had scarce noticed before, that a flight of steps ran down from the other summer-house along the face of the river wall to a miniature quay just below the spot where she sat.

Springing from the wall beside it was a grotesque stone figure, one more witness to the former splendors of the place, whose outstretched arms supported curiously-wrought iron frames for holding lamps, fancifully fashioned at the top into long curling spikes meant to represent reeds.

And, leaning still farther over, she could discern how the current surged in and out of the dark mouth of a boat-house close at hand.

As she bent thus far over the wall however, the old man moved hastily forward again, entered the pagoda, and, laying his hand on her shoulder, pulled her back with no gentle touch.

"You'll be over if you do that," he said, with the roughness of anxiety.

"Didn't I tell you so before?"

Unconscious of the anxiety, Margaret could not help looking up with some indignation at his presumption.

True, she said nothing, but, as he loosened his hold, she rose and moved silently to the other side of the little pleasure-house.

"Don't you be offended, now," he said, noticing her motive more easily than she had thought possible.

"I meant no harm.

"Isn't it better to be pulled back than to go over?

"Young people are venturesome, but it's because they don't know what comes of it. They ought to be thankful to people that do and that try to hinder them.

"I know what's come of that wall before now, and I don't want to see any more of it in my time."

"What has come of it?" asked Margaret, rather repenting of her little burst of resentment, and not unwilling moreover to indulge her womanly curiosity.

His reply was unexpected.

"Never you mind," he said severely.

"Them that ask no questions hear no lies.

"You'd best come in, and leave the river to take care of itself."

He walked off with an air of decision, nodding his head as he spoke. Margaret looked after him, wondering at his manner and his words. Why should he grow so severe and decided, and say "no" in such positive fashion? What did he mean? Did he like to be oracular, or was he only perverse? Margaret was strongly of the opinion that it was the nature of everything about Upton Court to be perverse. But that did not prevent its being odd.

She gathered her cloak more closely round her shoulders, as a keener breath of air touched her, and ran back through the lonely gardens, finding a touch of fear in them now that the tall cypresses peered through the deepening twilight, like ghosts wrapped closely in their funeral palls.

She forgot such weird thoughts as she threw her patient strength into the little duties of the evening.

But at night, alone in her own room, the scene came back. It was the first faint indication of some mystery, the commencement of a vague, apparently groundless fear.

As time went on there came a second indication of it in the strange and unexplained mastery which Cator exercised over his nominal mistress.

If Miss Durrant were in one of her perverse moods she heeded any remonstrance that Margaret might dare to make as little as the wind. Mrs. Cator had more influence. Still even she was not unfrequently set at defiance. But to Cator she was submission itself, at all times, in all humors, as the following instance will perhaps show.

It was one day in May—that very realistic May of ours, so different from the fanciful May of the poets; the wind was very high, and the rain pouring in torrents.

Suddenly, towards noon, Miss Durrant, who had been restless all the morning, announced her intention of taking a walk. It was simple madness, and for the first time since Margaret's arrival she ventured to protest.

She was silenced so haughtily and effectually that she went and attired herself without a word. But coming down-stairs she met Mrs. Cator, who stared at her, and asked why she was going out. Margaret replied merely that such was Miss Durrant's pleasure, whereupon, to her great surprise, Mrs. Cator said that it should not be done.

They went together to the room where Miss Durrant stood at the window, watching the falling rain. Her face had a wild expression as she looked round at them on their entrance.

"I have rung twice," she said to Mrs. Cator. "I want my bonnet."

"You're never thinking of going out?" returned Mrs. Cator brusquely.

"It isn't fit for a dog."

"I am the best judge of that."

"Well, ma'am, you must excuse me, but I shall take the liberty of naming it to Cator."

The tone was anything but apologetic.

"I will not be interfered with by either of you," answered the lady vehemently, in harsh, imperious tones.

Her face grew white, and her dark eyes flashed angry fire.

"Oh, very well, ma'am!" replied Mrs. Cator.

She turned round as if to quit the room, seeing which, Miss Durrant also resumed her post of observation, angry and stubborn.

"Are you going out, ma'am, or not?" asked Mrs. Cator once more, on reaching the threshold.

She spoke as one speaks to a naughty child, giving it a last chance of averting punishment. Miss Durrant looked round at her.

"Go," she said defiantly; "I have told you."

Mrs. Cator went. Margaret listened to her departing footsteps, devoutly wishing she could go too. But she was afraid so much as to move. She stood silently in the gloomy room, in dread of what its excited inmate might say or do next.

For some little time she neither said nor did anything. Then she exclaimed suddenly in her most imperious style—

"Fetch me my bonnet, Margaret Lindsay!"

"If I know where it was," began Margaret, tremblingly.

"Go and find it. You can look, can't you? Somewhere in my room you will find it," she cried imperatively.

The iron will bore down Margaret's resistance as a strong current bears down a reed. She quitted the room to obey; but in crossing the great hall she met the Cators. The wife fell back behind the husband and made a sign to Margaret to come to her.

Cator went on alone and, entering Miss Durrant's sitting-room, closed the door behind him.

"You go and take your things off, Miss Margaret," said the woman not unkindly, as she noticed the girl's frightened face.

"But Miss Durrant?" asked Margaret, looking up with lovely questioning eyes.

"Never you mind Miss Durrant. Cator'll soon make her give up her craze; for it's no better," she concluded. And indeed the weather justified her words.

Margaret ran up-stairs; all the more quickly because she heard raised voices issuing from the closed room. When she came down she found Miss Durrant alone, crouching in her old arm-chair with a beaten, vanquished expression on her face, and a look of terror in her furtively watching eyes.

In five minutes Cator had contrived to change the haughty mistress back into the humbled, abject woman.

Her young cousin's surprise may be guessed. What could the man have said not only to induce Miss Durrant to stay in, but also to give up every wish to go out, for she never once reverted to the subject?

What could have effected that sudden transformation in her bearing and manner? It was another unusual thing about this unusual place, and these unusual people.

The girl turned it over in her mind, but could find no solution of the riddle, except that Miss Durrant was mad, and Cator her keeper. And she had only too much reason to believe that Miss Durrant, with all her strange, gloomy ways, was mad.

Not once but many times and in many ways this scene was re-enacted, and always with the same ending.

The old man invariably remained master of the field, speaking roughly indeed, but with no uncivil bluster—as some men speak, when they are sure of their ground, and care neither for the pain nor the anger of those they address.

And for Margaret another vague uneasiness grew out of this insoluble mystery.

Insoluble it remained, because there was no one to solve it for her. For all their softening in other ways, the two Cators kept their lips firmly closed on the events of the past.

Even could she have done it with propriety, Margaret dared not ask them.

The only communicative person about the house was Anne, and she not only but least to tell, but was also the one whom Margaret cared least to encourage in talking.

She might have known through her all the rural gossip about the Court had it not been for this reason, and for one other—the steadiness with which Mrs. Cator set her face against the retailing of any such stories on the part of her subordinate.

High treason could hardly be a greater crime in her eyes than such thanklessness to the person whose bread they ate—that was her way of putting it.

She, for her part, would do her best to put a stop to it—with more in the same strain.

In spite of all, however, Margaret gradually learnt how, when Anne's mother was young, there were numbers and numbers of servants always at the Court and such grand doings going on.

Also that in those days the mistress was the most beautiful young lady ever seen.

No one would think it now; but she had had a dreadful illness, her mother said, and she supposed that was the cause of the change.

This was all the girl knew, or dared to tell, of Miss Durrant's history.

For the rest she was full of idle fancies, as Margaret regarded them—stories of the unearthly sights and sounds to which rustic credulity lends such a willing ear.

Nobody liked to come about the Court after dark, was one of her assertions, very gravely repeated, for it was old, and many things had happened there.

People did say that a certain Lady Durrant who had killed her husband in the old house, many long years ago, still walked about it in white on stormy nights, lamenting and wringing her hands.

It was a bad thing for anyone who met her; the presage of manifold misfortunes. Anne herself, according to her own account, had one night seen something white at the other end of the long corridor, where she was sure there was nothing white in the day-time.

And had not Mrs. Cator, though dreadfully angry with her for talking rubbish, as she called it, looked very frightened, and never sent her there so late again?—which Anne regarded in the light of a special providence, for she declared she must have given up her place, which to her meant the resignation of her prospects in life, rather than run the risk of seeing that white thing again.

Margaret made light of such stories at first, and dismissed them easily from her mind. But in her many solitary hours they recurred to her again and again, with an ever-growing power of terrifying realisation.

Margaret had been brought up to disbelieve in the existence of ghosts. It was one of the many disbeliefs of a more enlightened age.

Nevertheless, when darkness comes over the world, shrouding it in its mantle, when the cessation of human wakefulness and human labor leave it lonely and deserted, who has not sometimes experienced a mysterious fear—a terribly vivid dread of what may be lurking in the darkness, against which, should it prove malevolent, no means of defence could avail anything—a fear of what the eyes may be forced to see, the ears to hear, in spite of themselves?

No; she did not believe in ghosts, but she had sometimes felt this fear—felt it with that vivid perception of things unseen one has when one is young, before long continuance in this materialistic world has had time to deaden it or to relax the chains that bind one to another.

And if it had occasionally seized her, even in the bright little home of old, how much more did it torment her in this strange, lonely place, where the existence of odd nocturnal noises could scarcely have been denied by the most unimaginative of men.

When the wind was high it used to moan softly though the long passages and under doors like one in pain, in such a way that Margaret's blood curdled as she listened. And even when the wind was hushed the nightly silence was not unbroken.

Now and then, amid the creaks and groans, she could almost have persuaded herself that she heard a step pacing up and down the great staircase, and the corridor leading from it.

And then the legend of the guilty lady would flash across her mind, and she would hide her face in an agony of prayer that no evil thing might harm her.

The morning light would find her deeply ashamed of yielding to fears which then looked so foolish and groundless.

But when night returned, with its overpowering sense of gloom, they likewise would return, and with an ever-growing fascination of terror, as if Upton Court needed to be supplemented by such a dread as this!

CHAPTER V.

NEVERTHELESS, all this time the spring stole on apace, and neither Miss Durrant nor the ghosts could altogether kill its bright influence on Margaret.

It was the first she had spent in the country, and her love of nature made it a source of intense enjoyment to her.

Mrs. Cator looked on with wondering amazement at the delight she took in the opening flowers and fresh green leaves, in the ways and movements of the young animals, or in watching the boats of the salmon-fishers on the river early in the morning.

The spray fell like drops of silver from the oar-blades in the rays of the rising sun.

In spite of her gloomy surroundings, the awakening beauty of the year awoke all the poetic imaginative element in her temperament, saddened indeed by the thought of her lost parents and altered life, but deepened by these very things into a more pathetic tenderness.

And with it her old longing for music awoke also, and grew so great and passionate, that at length it could be no longer resisted, and so one day she nerved herself into asking Mrs. Cator if she thought Miss Durrant would allow her to play on the old disused piano in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Cator was of opinion that Miss Durrant would not in the least object to such a proceeding—would not, in fact, know she ever played, or care in the least about it.

She accordingly looked in her numerous hoards for the keys, and gave it to Margaret.

But the girl, whose fear of her cousin had quickened her perception with regard to her, was not so sure on the subject, and deferred the trial till one breezeless, sunny evening, when Mrs. Cator, having announced to Miss Durrant her conviction that a walk in the park would do her good, and Miss Durrant having accepted the situation in her usual aimless way, mistress and maid had gone softly off together.

Then the girl stole into the the great drawing-room, opened the long-shut instrument with some difficulty, and sat down to play in the half-light, which was all the only two unshuttered windows could afford the great, gloomy apartment.

It was enough for her purpose however, for she was too good a musician to need the constant reminder of notes.

Thrilling with the keen delight with which in youth we resume a favorite occupation, she let her fingers wander over the keys of the old piano.

It was discordant and out of tune, but she hushed it at last into some sort of harmony.

Then, absorbed in her pursuit, she speedily forgot how swiftly time was passing.

A couple of hours had gone, and she played on with interest untired interest, becoming ever a more perfect mistress of the cracked yellow keys.

She was entirely engrossed in the rendering of one of Beethoven's tenderest sonatas when the consciousness of another presence struck her all at once.

She started up, the spell that enthralled her suddenly broken.

And, turning, saw Miss Durrant standing silently in the doorway.

The old hall without was filled with the red glow of the setting sun, and it threw her figure into the strongest relief, bringing out every curve and fold of her pale gray dress, which in that red glare looked almost white.

There was not a trace of color in the worn haggard features, always pale.

The unnatural fire was burning in the dark caverns of her eyes.

The strange horror, always latent there, was more developed than usual.

The whole woman was apparently rigid in the grasp of some malevolent spell, of memory.

Frightened at her look and the sudden way in which she had come upon her, Margaret made some sort of trembling apology for the liberty she had taken, and began to close the instrument.

Her cousin, as usual, took no notice of the words, but the action roused her.

"No, no," she cried, in her harsh imperious tones of command.

"Go on.

"Go on till I tell you to stop!"

And, closing the door, thereby shutting out the flood of sunlight and greatly darkening the room, she came past Margaret to a seat opposite to the instrument.

Over Margaret there came a wild feeling of fear.

To be shut up alone with Miss Durrant, and Miss Durrant with that excited look on her face.

The great gloomy room in the furthest corner of the rambling deserted house!

How she longed to get the door open, even though without there was only the grave-like silence of the hall, filled with the sunset glow as red as blood!

It was almost too great a trial for the young girl's nerves, uncertain as she was of Miss Durrant's humor towards her.

Fortunate! she now reaped the fruit of those many weeks of self-control.

Voice and and eye were steady when she spoke, though her pulse was throbbing painfully.

"I cannot see the door is shut, please," she pleaded gently.

Miss Durrant hesitated.

Then, to Margaret's great relief, walked back and opened the door.

The stream of red light found its way into the room.

It lay along the floor at first, touching her gray dress, then mounted till it lit up the

strange depths of horror in her wasted face; ever creeping higher as the sun sank lower.

And all the time of its slow progress Miss Durrant sat motionless, her eyes fixed upon the dark vacancy beyond Margaret, speaking no word save to bid her continue if she paused.

With an effort Margaret had obeyed at first, with an effort she continued her obedience, carefully avoiding any wild or exciting theme, and playing only cheerful soothing melodies.

There was no longer the slightest danger that she should forget herself in her pursuit.

The sun set, the light faded gradually until it was quite dark in the great emptiness of the vacant room.

Miss Durrant still sat like a statue.

Her young cousin's thoughts sought vainly some means of bringing this scene to an end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My First Fee.

BY BLAKE PAXSON

I FEAR I am not saying anything very original when I mention that my father was a poor clergyman.

There are hundreds of poor clergy, naturally their sons can be reckoned by thousands.

I know there were thirteen of us, and how we all managed to find standing room in our small North country vicarage seems a marvel to me, when I look back upon that time of growing up.

And then the struggle to settle the professions of eight sons!

Mine was, however, soon fixed upon.

My aunt's husband, a Scotchman, and an M.D. in a country town, said he would bring me up to his own profession, provided I eventually became his partner, and in this manner repaid him the cost of my education.

The proposal sounded well.

It was accepted.

But, ah! the realization was very different.

He never praised me when I worked myself almost to death in order to pass brilliant examinations, and only granted when at last I came to settle down with him in a desperately dull town, after having come out first on the list at Edinburgh.

My uncle cared nought for my being Arthur North, M.D.

I was to be his white slave, and repay, with very hard labor, what he had spent on me.

I honestly tried my best to please him, the practice increased considerably, but time went on, and still my uncle never spoke a word about money affairs.

I was more than a partner as to work, but no partner at all as to pay.

And yet I felt that I could make a name, also a fortune, if only I could get a fair chance.

And the five girls at home were expecting grand things of me, which looked as if they might never be realized, for even if I persevered till my uncle died, and left me his practice, I might by that time have become grey with age, and unable to begin to make my way.

At last I could bear it no longer, and one day I determined to come to an understanding with him.

I am sorry to say this ended in a regular quarrel, and I declared I would seek my fortunes in London.

My uncle called me all sorts of names, which, as they were the reverse of complimentary, I will not repeat, and I respectfully disagreed with him.

His last words were:

"I should like to know, sir, how you are going to find a patient in London?"

"I did not answer him, for I was perfectly unable to do so, but I had courage and perseverance.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," I thought, and thus I left my uncle's house, knowing well enough that I should never see a penny of his money.

I will pass over the many difficulties I next encountered.

The opinions of the other twelve as to my conduct, and the regrets of my father, who had fancied I, at least, was off his mind.

And lastly, the difficulty of finding anyone to lend me some money wherewith to make a start.

I meant to begin at once in good style; nothing venture, nothing have.

And I was determined to have one of the best practices in town.

At last a part of my dream was really realised.

But yet it was all very well to be the occupant of a respectable-looking house in a quiet London square.

To have gone to the expense of a brass plate on which was neatly engraved "Dr. North."

To have engaged a worthy, middle-aged female to answer the door, if the door-bell had ever been rung and the master inquired for.

Alas!

I was beginning to feel depressed in mind because no patient appeared, and no fees filled my pockets.

I had told the five girls at home that my house would soon be besiged at all hours of the day and night.

I had even had a night-bell attached, which rung in a deafening manner close to my ears, as I lay in bed.

And, best of all, I had contrived a peep-hole through my window-shutter, in order to distinguish the rank of the visitor who disturbed my slumbers.

But up till now, I had slept peacefully night after night, and I might have slept all day if I had so wished it, for no patients had come to ask me to cure them.

"And yet," I thought, as I paced the floor of my consulting room, where no consultation had ever taken place, "and yet that rich young Jones promised that he would recommend me to the first of his relations who fell ill.

The constitution of the Jones family must be terribly good, for I am sure the fellow meant what he said.

He is good nature itself.

Perhaps I have been a fool after all, and I had better have stayed with my uncle, where at le ast my food cost nothing!"

You must understand that my spirits had reached far below zero to be able, even in my most private thoughts, to wonder anything of the kind.

And, curiously enough, it was at this very moment that my front door bell was suddenly rung in a furious manner.

I very nearly rushed out to open the door myself, only I was met by Mrs. Davis, who had run up from below, almost as much excited as I was at this unprecedented event.

"Show the visitor into the consulting room, Mrs. Davis," I whispered, "and say you'll see if I am disengaged."

I retired into a small study next to the consulting room, and separated from it by folding doors.

It was here I had my meals, and besides my bed-room, it was at present the only furnished room in the house.

But hardly had I closed the door when I recognized the loud jovial tones of "Young Jones," who rather unceremoniously entered my den.

Tom Jones was the son of a rich brewer, and, knowing very well that he would come in for heaps of money, had considered it would really be waste of time to settle to any profession.

He was, however, a good-natured, generous youth, delighted to do a kindness, and with no greater vice than a love of doing nothing useful.

"Hullos, North!" he exclaimed, "how are you?

"Worked to death, I expect, since you set up on your own hook.

"I've only come to town this very day, but I made a point of hunting you up, as I promised.

"I came at lunch time, for fear, otherwise, of finding you closeted with some rich hypochondriac."

"I am not very busy just now," I answered, "but delighted to see you at any time."

"Well, how many fees have you taken?" asked the irrepressible Jones.

"Of course London is already ringing with your praise."

"I wished he would talk on some other subject, but truth compelled me to answer, carelessly:

"No, no, no yet, these are very early days.

"The truth is, I have very few patients.

"To be quite open with you, my dear fellow, you are my first."

Jones jumped up, pulled a face, and then gave his chest a mighty slap, intimating he was perfectly sound in that direction.

"My dear doctor, I wish I could think there was anything the matter with me, but, upon my word, I never felt better in my life.

"I haven't a pain or an ache about me.

"However, if the case is as you say, you won't quite despise my news.

"I fear it is not worth more than five dollars fee, but it may lead to more.

"My rich old uncle, Jonathan Dillon, is coming to consult you this afternoon, because I told him you were the very man he wanted, but I just looked in to tell you that he is very crotchety, and you must just manage him properly.

"As to his ailments, I don't believe they are of much consequence, because he has been just the same ever since I was in his arms.

"Never looks a day older."

"I'll do my best, professionally," I said, secretly not much believing this rich man would turn up.

"As to managing him, I am afraid that is not in my line."

"Well, that's a pity, because if he were to take a fancy to you, you would want no other recommendation.

"He'll recommend you right and left, and the whole Dillon clan are disgustingly rich.

"And all inherit asthma or bronchitis. Fact."

I began to express my thanks.

For in spite of his off-hand manner, I felt sure Jones had taken some trouble about me.

He only laughed at my gratitude.

"Don't mention it.

"Besides, old Dillon may take a dislike to you.

"However, he mustn't find me here.

"He wouldn't believe I had come to consult you, though I did tell him you were the cleverest fellow in London.

"And so you are, in my opinion.

"I wouldn't mind telling the Queen as much, if I had the chance."

And then he was gone.

But no, once more he turned back.

"I say, North, old Dillon's daughter is sure to come with him.

"He never goes out without her; a perfect slave, he makes of that girl!"

It was towards four o'clock on a winter's afternoon, that a carriage and pair dashed up to my door; then a grand footman jumped down from the box and gave the correct announcement of my first patient; I had just time to escape to my den before the front door was opened.

I heard voices, then a loud cough, then doors being closed.

Yes—my first patient had come.

In another moment his card was handed to me, and on it was written:

"Mr. Jonathan Dillon."

I entered the room in my most professional manner, and looking straight before me, at once saw what was unmistakably "old Dillon," but so much wrapped up, that very little more than quarter of his face was visible.

I can honestly say I never noticed Miss Dillon till her father himself waved a small fat hand in her direction, saying:

"My daughter, Dr. North; she always comes with me wherever I go, for I am so infirm I don't think it safe to be left alone—but she enjoys excellent health."

This last remark was said in a most deplorable tone, and as I turned, I almost started with surprise, for old Dillon's daughter was a small, delicately-made girl, who could not be much more than seventeen years old.

Her forehead was encircled by the most golden hair I had ever seen, and her face though not what could be called extremely beautiful, was yet one of the sweetest I had ever gazed at.

The expression was so simple, the large blue eyes so innocent and shy, that for a moment I was completely lost in wondering how such a man as the one before me had any right to possess such a daughter.

Miss Dillon was evidently very retiring, and at this moment also feeling de trop.

"I dare say, Dr. North," she said hurriedly, blushing up to the roots of her hair, "that there is a room I may sit in whilst you hold your consultation.

"Papa never likes me to leave him alone a minute, for fear anything should happen. Anywhere will do."

I bowed, and rang the bell, saying, in as calm a tone as possible:

"Show Miss Dillon into the study."

The vision of fair hair having disappeared, I gave myself up to the examination of my patient.

After a careful inquiry I came to a conclusion which made me certain that this was the last time I should see Mr. Dillon.

The truth being there was nothing much the matter with him, that the old man was a regular hypochondriac—in fact, that all his ailments were imaginary.

But yet, come what might, I must speak the truth: even for the sake of further fees, I must not give a dishonest opinion.

I would not be the first of the thirteen to act a lie.

Mr. Dillon now began to give me a minute account of his ailments, and to repeat the advice of various doctors.

"And now, Dr. North, I feel sure you will agree with me in thinking it absolutely imperative that I should leave England at once, to cure this troublesome cough."

If only I could have agreed with him; but no.

"Quite the contrary," I said calmly.

"I think you should stay in England; the finest and most healthy climate for a constitution like yours."

"Bless me! Bless me!" ejaculated Mr. Dillon, looking distressed.

"Do you really think so?"

"Without a shadow of doubt, sir."

"But about exercise?

"I ought to take very little, of course!"

"Not at all; the more you walk, the better it will be for you."

"You are quite unique, sir, in your opinion—remarkable! But about a perscription, doctor.

"I suppose you will write one for me, to allay this cough, for instance?"

"No," I answered.

"Any ordinary lozenge will suffice."

I knew now I had signed my death warrant; or rather, I thought I knew; for what was my surprise when Mr. Dillon exclaimed:

"My dear sir, you are the first physician who has given me no prescription! I believe you understand my case.

"I hope I may come and consult you as often as I feel the need of it: which need, I grieve to say, occurs frequently."

Curiously enough, for once the truth had pleased the old man, but now I was obliged to answer:

"I am sure you will find it quite unnecessary to come again, unless some unforeseen ——"

"Tut, tut, Dr. North, not one of my many medical advisers ever told me not to come again.

"I assure you I shall come again, whatever you may say, and many times too; and I hope to send others of the family here.

"We all have wretched constitutions, all except Lucia; I've often wanted her to see a doctor, but it's no good; that girl never complains even of headache."

This time I really smiled.

"I am sure we doctors are only too glad to see a lady in perfect health.

"The present excited life which many of them lead——" but Mr. Dillon was not listening to me, for suddenly he turned round (for he had risen to leave,) coughed violently, and then, after a nervous fumblingaway in the pocket of his great coat, he said:

"Bless me! I had nearly forgotten an important little matter.

"Believe me, sir, I never gave a fee with greater pleasure or more gratitude."

He pressed his fat hand into mine, and I felt a small round thing slipped dexterously into my palm.

I then went to release the vision of fair hair from my den, and at once hoped that if Mr. Dillon did come again, Miss Lucia would always accompany him.

I escorted the pair to the front door, and just as Mr. Dillon had entered the carriage, his daughter made a pretence to run back for a glove.

"Please forgive me, Dr. North," she said, looking right up into my face with a most anxious expression on her sweet countenance.

"Please forgive me, but what do you really think of papa?"

"In excellent health, Miss Dillon; pray don't be anxious."

But before she could say any more, her father called her impatiently, and she was gone with just one sweet smile and a "Thank you so much," for all the world as if I had just cured her father of some obstinate disease.

And now, clasping my first fee, I returned to my room.

There I unclasped my hand, and in the middle of my palm lay a bright, hard, yellow, ginger lozenge!

The expectation had been great, and the realization was so small that I burst out laughing at my own bad luck, and my discomfiture.

Yet not for a moment did it enter my head to acquaint my patient with his mistake.

I felt sure if I did so, the vision of golden hair would blush with confusion, even though I did not see her, and the blue, truthful eyes would look troubled.

No, my first fee was not worth a dollar, but such as it was, I did not hate it, because—ah, well, I might well call myself a fool for even fancying that I, Arthur North, penniless and unknown, should, for moment dream that I had fallen in love at first sight with my rich patient's only daughter.

I put the lozenge away in a box, and that night I again slept the sleep of a feeless physician.

The next day I found myself thinking of a vision of fair hair, instead of taking in the sense of a clever treatise on the anatomy of the hand, which certainly could in no way be connected with the events of the day before.

Curiously enough, however, about eleven o'clock, a cab drove up to the door, and what was my astonishment—I need hardly say pleasure—when Miss Dillon, followed by an elderly maid, made her appearance. There she stood, as fair, and soft and beautiful as the day before, but, if possible, more shy and embarrassed.

The little hand she held out to me trembled visibly, as she said:

"Oh, Doctor North, can you forgive me for disturbing you this morning?

"I don't know how I made up my mind to come, but I felt I must, even if, if——"

She paused, and tears almost came into the blue eyes, whilst I could think of no words suitable enough to set her mind at rest, being ignorant of what she wanted to say.

"Indeed, Miss Dillon, if there is anything I can do for you, I shall be delighted; so I beg you will not apologise for troubling me."

"It isn't that exactly," she answered, once more looking at me in a most distressed manner.

"Perhaps you require further particulars as to your father's health; I must repeat what I said yesterday——"

"Oh, thank you, it was so kind of you; he was much better last night; I know you will do him good: but that was not what I wanted to ask you—oh dear! you will think me rude, or else an imposter, or—or——"

"Impossible," I said, more vehemently than the case required.

"I don't know how to begin; I mean, perhaps you don't know the peculiar way papa keeps his accounts?"

I was startled at this question.

Remembering the yellow lozenge in a box, I thought I could say I did know one of Mr. Dillon's peculiar ways of paying fees; but not for the world would I tell this blushing, shy, bewitching girl before me the truth.

"I don't presume——" I began.

"Oh no, I am sure you don't—I was going to tell you about it.

"Papa always makes his confidential man, Baker, put the same change every morning into his pockets, and in the evening, when Baker turns out the pockets, he just puts down in a book what is missing, and makes up the number of the coins the next morning.

"He does it just the same every morning."

I was getting rather puzzled myself now, and could think of nothing more original to say than:

"Indeed!"

"Yes, it's quite true, or you see I should not have known about it."

Here the fair vision blushed still more.

"A very complicated way of keeping ones money, isn't it? or perhaps complicated for Baker," I said feeling it perfectly impossible to repress a smile, though Miss Dillon's sweet, earnest mouth kept in grave.

"No, it's quite simple when one understands, because Baker knows exactly what all the change comes to—I forget what it is—but, oh, Dr. North! Baker knew we had been yesterday to consult a new physician, and in the evening there was only a three cent piece and a penny missing, and so—and so I knew—I mean Baker knew—and he told me that papa must have given you something by mistake.

"It wasn't the penny, I can account for that, and—out was it the three-cent piece, or——?"

"Pray, dear Miss Dillon, don't distress yourself about such a little matter," I said, hastily.

"Any time will——"

"Oh, no, but papa thinks he paid you, because he said to me he never gave a fee with so much pleasure, so now I begin to think he must have—given you——"

Miss Dillon quite gasped, so that I hastened to fill in her pause, this time feeling quite distressed at her trouble.

"Your father gave me a very good ginger lozenge, Miss Dillon; one of those little mistakes which will occur now and then.

"Pray don't make yourself the least uneasy about it."

"How very kind of you," she said, again holding out her hand which I took and forgot to let go till she had done speaking.

"I felt sure it must be that, and then I thought perhaps you would think us impostors, and I knew you would be too much of a gentleman to mention it, and so—do you thinkI was wrong?—I came off with Mrs. Brown this mroning, and made up my mind I would explain the mistake, only it was so dreadful. But I don't mind now that you look so kind about it.

"And then would you do me a great favor, Dr. North? Would you mind not appearing to know anything about it, or that I came, or anything, because papa doesn't know I am out; he is not down yet; and he would be so distressed, he might never come again, and I should be so sorry, as you suit him exactly."

"Pray don't call this a favor," I said, as gravely as I could. "I think you will believe me when I say that, without even kdowing your wishes on the subject, I should never have mentioned the—the lozenge."

"I don't know how to than you!

"Now I must go."

"And then Miss Dillon put that small gloved hand into her muff and drew it out again, holding it out towards me once more, and this time I felt a little square bit of paper in my hand.

"Somehow, our eyes met, and in spite of the gravity of the occasion we both laughed, feeling, I am sure, we should never again be afraid of each other, as she said:

"Please, Dr. North, don't laugh at me.

"Is this the right way to give a fee, because I must tell you this is the first time in my life I have ever have to give one. I suppose some day I shall be ill and want a doctor, but I never, never have wanted to go to one before.

"And it wasn't for myself this time, was it?

"I hope you will bear witness—I mean, I hope you won't mention it; good-bye.

"Now, Brown, I am ready."

And just as a ray of sunshine sometimes comes into one's room, glimmers, dances and illuminates the place for a time, and then suddenly disappears, so Lucia Dillon had come and gone, and that noisy four-wheeler took off my vision of fair hair, leaving me with a golden sovereign and a new shilling wrapped in a small half sheet of paper, on the top of which was stamped the address of their London house.

I folded that piece of paper and put it away in a pocket-book among my treasures such as my dear mother's first letter to me at school, and the flower that a little girl of eight, had dropped when I, a nine-year old urchin, had fallen desperately in love with her.

There was nothing there unworthy to lie next to the paper which Lucia Dillon's fingers had touched.

Later in the day I received a note from Mr. Dillon, begging me, if I were not too much engaged, to come and see him, as he felt very unwell.

And if I would do him the great favor of dining and spending the evening with them, he would be very grateful, for he saw so few people on account of his wretched constitution.

Well, I went, and spent a very happy evening

It was only the first of many more, at least during this first season.

But Mr. Dillon was as good as his word; from the day of his first visit my practice slowly but surely increased, and though there were years of up-hill work, yet it is perfectly true that "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute."

I had at last got a chance, and I seized it.

I worked with double energy because at the bottom of my soul I had another object besides the one of making the five girls at home proud of me.

I wanted a small, fair-blue-eyed Lucia to be proud of me.

I wanted to be able to lay at her feet all that is best and grandest in this life.

But she was a rich man's daughter, and I was a struggling physician.

It was not till I had freed myself of all debt—and though still a poor man I was comparatively rich, for I had a good and increasing practice—that at last I made up my mind to ask Lucia to be my wife.

I should not have had the face to do it even then, only a young good-for-nothing aristocrat was perpetually coming to the house, and I knew that if Lucia, so young, simple and innocent, became the wife of that man, her life would be a very miserable one.

The fear of this, and some amount of jealousy, perhaps, made me speak out one day.

I shall never forget Lucia's face when I had said some strong, earnest, passionate words.

She put her little hand once more into mine and looked up with her beautiful truthful eyes, as she half sobbed:

"Oh—do you really mean it?"

"Because, somehow, I think I have—loved you ever since——"

"Ever since you gave me my first fee, my darling," I said, as I drew her beautiful head on my shoulder—well, never mind the rest.

"Well, Lucia," I added, "I loved you the first moment I saw you.

"So you see I loved you long before you cared for me."

But Lucia, who is just a little matter-of-fact, shook her head decidedly, and said that was all nonsense.

There was still the question as to what Mr. Dillon would say about it, but our true love, which had to wait so long, this time ran smoothly.

Mr. Dillon, who still suffered from his wretched constitution, was delighted at Lucia's choice, and said all kinds of complimentary things about my rising fame and my other qualities.

And so we were married, and the five girls from home were bridesmaids, though they soon afterwards married from our house under Lucia's care.

And though I often tell Lucia that the last person she should have married was a popular physician, considering she is never ill, yet she always shakes her pretty golden head, and says gravely:

"But, perhaps, Arthur, some of the children may inherit papa's wretched constitution."

As to the story of the ginger lozenge, Lucia and I kept that a secret till Mr. Dillon died. He left Lucia all his money—and so ends this true story of MY FIRST FEE.

Pride's Lesson.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE prettiest of little farmhouse, nestling in a bowery wilderness of old apple-trees, and boasting a picturesque porch in front, which was said to be a hundred years old—Marcus Dana thought he had never seen a lovelier nook than this, as his college-mate, Huron Plumer, led him into the honeysuckle-shaded gate.

"Why, it's a living picture!" said he.

"It is pretty," said Plumer, smiling, with gratified pride.

"My great-grandmother planted this old box-tree.

"But come into the parlor; we have some very old English engravings there, and Polly's needlework is called rather artistic—Kensington stitch, you know, and all that sort of thing."

Polly Plumer herself had come home early that summer evening, to make lemon custard for tea.

She came into the parlor, looking bewitchingly pretty, in her gingham dress and white cambric ruffles, with the yellow rings of her sunshiny hair fuming themselves into wavy little curls upon her forehead, and a demure sparkle under her long brown eye-lashes.

"Tea is ready, please," said Polly; "and I hope you've both brought excellent appetites."

"What a lovely little paradise you have here, Miss Plumer!" said Dana.

"Yes, we think it's rather pretty," said Polly serenely.

"And I met a group of lovely young girls, walking along the road, just this side of the railway station," added Dana. "Are they villagers?"

"They are the girls who work in the big shop," said Polly.

"Oh!" said Dana, chilling visibly, "so they were only factory girls, after all?"

Huron opened his mouth as if to speak, but Polly made him a quick signal over the guest's unconscious head, which said—

"On your life, silence!"

"Hem!" said Huron, glancing at the tall old clock.

"Isn't it most tea-time, Polly?"

And Polly whisked out into the kitchen, with flaming cheeks, and eyes which were full of dangerous azure scintillations.

"Only factory girls, indeed!" repeated Polly to herself, as she opened a can of blue plums, and took from the cupboard a translucent square of gold-flowing honey-comb.

"And isn't a factory girl as good as anybody, I'd like to know?

"Who is Mr. Dana, that he should elevate his lofty nose at factory girls?"

But Marcus Dana, whose father was a judge, whose aunt was the wife of a foreign minister, wearing stars and orders without number, and whose remote ancestors had dwelt in old English castles, was all unconscious of the solecism he had committed in alluding to the bone and sinew of Hemlock Falls as "only factory girls."

"Of course," said Polly, still to that safest of all confidants, herself, "he don't know that Grandfather Plumer was the clergyman, and that poor papa lost his money in those dreadful New Mexican gold mines, and that Huron never could have completed his college course if I hadn't sent away the servant and turned factory girl myself.

"But all the same, he had no business to speak in that grand manner.

"'Only factory girls,' indeed!

"I'll teach him what a factory girl is, and what she can do."

Mr. Dana stayed a week at the old farmhouse under the apple-trees.

"Your sister must be quite devoted to her sketching and art-needlework," said he, one day, to Huron Plumer.

"Eh?" said the young man, who was busy disentangling a reel of fishing-tackle.

"Because I observe that there is a certain number of hours every day in which she resolutely secludes herself from society," added Marcus.

"Oh!" said Huron.

"Yes, Polly always was a systematic little puss.

"Here's the tackle all ready, Dana. Have you got the flies? Then what are we waiting for?"

At the week's end, the two young graduates started on a pedestrian tour into the very heart of the Berkshire Hills, and the blooming month of August was mellowing into September before they returned to the roof the old farmhouse.

"I am glad to be back here again," said Dana enthusiastically.

"I have dreamed of these low-ceiled roofs at night, and treasured them in my memory by day.

"And is it high treason, Miss Plumer," turning, with a smile to Polly, who was feeding her white cat, seated comfortably on the door-stone, "to confess that I have dreamed of you also?

"In this country," said Polly, filling the cat's saucer anew with pearl-white milk, "nothing is high treason!"

She laughed as said it; and in the red level glow of the sunset, Dana thought he had never seen so fair a face.

"Had we not better go on down to Rockaway Beach at once?" suggested Plumer.

"If we wait much longer the seashore season will be over."

"Oh, let Rockaway Beach go," said Dana, a little impatiently.

"Do you think we could anywhere find a lovelier nook than this?"

"Very well," acquiesced Huron Plumer, with a yawn.

"Let it be just as you please, old fellow.

"If you are suited, I am."

"If it will not put Miss Plumer out too much for us to remain?" questioningly added Dana.

"Oh, not in the least," said Polly, with aggravating indifference.

"I am always glad to think that Huron and his friends enjoy themselves."

At the week's end Marcus Dana came into the low kitchen where Polly was feeding her blackbird in its wicker cage.

It had been a day of fitful showers, but now, at sunset, the orange light flooded the sky with brillance, and made a cathedral aisle out of the woods at the back of the house.

"I am so glad to find you here," said Dana.

"I have been watching an opportunity to speak to you all day."

"Dear me!" said Polly, coaxing the blackbird with a morsel of apple; "what can you possibly have to say to me?"

"To tell you that I love you!" promptly answered Dana—"to ask you to be my wife."

Polly turned around, her fair hair all dishevelled with the orange sunset, and made him a low curtsy.

"I am obliged to you, sir," said she, "for the great honor you have done me; but it is quite impossible."

His countenance fell.

"Impossible!

"Why should it be impossible?" he cried.

"I love you, and I must have you."

"Perhaps," said Polly, still standing there, an ideal of beautiful girlhood; "you don't know that I am only a factory girl?"

"A factory girl! you?" he echoed.

"But I don't care what you call yourself—I love you!"

"'Only factory girls, after all,'" she repeated.

"That was what you said about the group of maidens that you met upon the day that you first arrived at Hemlock Falls. Oh," with a little shiver, "I haven't yet forgotten the cool, icy contempt of your look and words. 'Only factory girls, after all.' And that, you see, is precisely what I am myself."

"You are the arbitress of my destiny, neither more nor less," said Dana passionately.

"You are administering a deserve lesson to my foolish pride; but you shall teach me the lesson of humility, if only you will promise to be mine."

Polly Plumer had made up her mind to be as hard as adamant, as cold as an Arctic iceberg; but somehow there was something in Marcus Dana's earnestness for which she had scarcely prepared herself.

"Promise, dearest, that you will be my wife!" said Marcus, holding both her imprisoned hands in his.

"But—but I had made up my mind to give you quite a different answer," said Polly.

"Change your mind, then," said Dana, with a persuasive accent which there was no resisting.

"Speak only one little word—say 'Yes.'"

"Even if I am a factory girl?"

"Sweet, be merciful!" he pleaded.

"Forget my foolish words. Remember only that I love you."

And so she said "Yes."

What else could she say, seeing that in spite of her resolve she had learned to love this man?

ON THE EQUATOR.—At Quito, the only city in the world on the line of the equator, the sun sets and rises at six o'clock the year round. Your clock may break down, your watch get cranky, but the sun never makes a mistake here. When it disappears from sight for the night it is 6 o'clock, and you can set your watch accordingly. In one part of the city it is the summer season and the other part it is winter.

THE names of some of the Maine post-offices are so long that they have to send two postal cards instead of one to get the name on.

Scientific and Useful.

FELONS.—The following cure for a felon has been tested and is worthy of circulation: Roast or bake thoroughly a large onion; mix the soft, inner pulp with two heaping tablespoonfuls of table salt, and apply the mixture to the affected part as a poultice, keeping the parts well covered. Make fresh applications at least twice a day, morning and evening.

SPONGE WEAR.—A German has recently patented underwear manufactured from sponge. It is said to be more flexible than woolen, more easily cleansed and to absorb the perspiration without checking it. After thorough cleansing and bleaching the sponges are dried and shaved into thin slices, which are sewn together to form the garments. In addition to other virtues it is claimed that this singular clothing is durable.

ELECTRICITY AND WINE.—A thunder-storm having greatly improved a rack of bad wine in a wine cellar there some experiments have been made with electricity in France. A current of electricity was passed through a small cask of sour wine, and at the end of a few days the wine was found to be greatly improved in quality, and to have acquired that flavor which has hitherto been supposed to come only with age.

ADULTERATIONS.—An easy method for showing whether butter is adulterated with beef fat has been submitted by a German scientist. He saturates a cotton wick in a suspected sample, which is first melted. He then lights the wick and permits it to burn for about two minutes. At the end of that time, when the wick is extinguished, an odor like that given off by a tallow candle, when its flame is blown out, is readily perceived if the butter is artificial.

REMEDY FOR SUNBURN.—Bruise and then squeeze out the juice from the stalks and leaves of the common Chickweed, and add to it three times as much rain-water. Bathe the skin with this for a few minutes morning, noon, and night, and wash it off with pure water. Elder-flowers can be similarly treated and applied, or they can be steeped in milk and the face and hands washed in it. Sour cream applied at night and washed off in the morning will allay smarting sunburn.

TO MEND A MARBLE SLAB.—This is an awkward job, but it can be done as follows. Well wash the broken edges with soda-water; let dry; procure a piece of canvas or stout linen, cut a piece the size to allow it to fit close to each side, and about three inches wide; damp the canvas, lay it on a flat table or bench, then lay the marble in position; now have ready a teacupful of plaster of Paris; mix this with lukewarm water in a basin; have a person to help you; just open the cracked part of the marble, pour the liquid plaster in, and close immediately, driving two nails in the bench each side of the marble to keep in position. Put a few weights or heavy piece of wood or iron on till dry, and allow it to remain twenty-four hours before moving; you will then find it quite firm. If a valuable marble, the better plan would be to drill three holes in each piece broken, and run in with plaster, then bring the parts together with plaster as above.

Farm and Garden.

SAVING TROUBLE.—Learn the cows to come to the bars night and morning by simply baiting them with a handful of meal slightly seasoned with salt. This will save time and leg muscle.

PLANTING.—This is a little late for planting trees but a good time to plant a few worthless dogs. There is no established rule for the performance of this work, but if the dog is planted early, and covered deep enough to prevent injury from frost, there is but little danger that the result will prove satisfactory to both the planter and his neighbor. At the foot of a grape vine is a good place.

WHITEWASH.—There is no more healthful method of keeping the stables, sheds, and pens clean, than to give them a good coat of lime-wash. The wash is easily and quickly made as follows: Slake a bushel of fresh lime in a pork, or other barrel, with water enough to make a thick paste, after which fill up the barrel with hot water, and let it stand for a few hours. This wash may be applied in various ways. It may be spread upon the walls with a large whitewash brush, and no pains need be taken to do a neat job. Whatever wash falls upon the floor in the operation, is not lost, but helps to sweeten the stable or stall. The quickest and most satisfactory method, is to use a force pump, by which means the wash can be thrown into every corner.

SLUGS AND SNAILS.—The experience of a gardener in regard to the destruction of these creatures, which are so harmful where they are abundant is particularly worthy of attention, and it is hoped that at last we have a quick and easy method of despatching them when they make their appearance. Some pulverized sulphate of copper (Blue Vitriol) is mixed with coarse wheat bran and the mixture placed about the garden where the slugs can have access to it: they scent the bran and greedily eat it, but almost immediately die from the effects of the copperas. In using this mixture in the open air where there is danger that birds might eat it and thus be poisoned it must be protected so as to prevent access of the birds while allowing slugs to reach it. This can easily be done by enclosing a little space with small sticks set upright, and covering it so that the slugs can crawl through while the birds are fenced out.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18, 1883.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS.

A GRAND OFFER!

A Copy of our Beautiful Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs.

Presenting the Bride!

The original Oil-Painting of which our Premium is an exact copy sold for $15,000, and to-day graces the walls of the finest private gallery in America. It is printed on the best and heaviest paper, and covers more than five hundred square inches. It contains twenty-seven colors, which with the variety of shading produced by the Photo-Oleograph process, make it a veritable transcript from life, and it combines in itself all the beautiful coloring of the oil painting, the clearness of outline of the steel engraving, with the naturalness of the photograph. The most delicate details of color and expression are brought out with startling vividness, and only on the closest examination is the mind satisfied that it is not a photograph colored by hand.

As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

A record of sixty years of continuous publication proves its worth and popularity. THE POST has never missed an issue. Its Fiction is of the highest order—the best original Stories, Sketches and Narratives of day. It is perfectly free from the degrading and polluting trash which characterizes many other so-called literary and family papers. It gives more for the money, and of a better class, than any other publication in the world. Each volume contains, in addition to its well-edited departments, twenty-five first-class Serials, by the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred Short Stories. Every number is replete with useful information and Amusement, comprising Tales, Adventures, Sketches, Biography, Anecdotes, Statistics, Facts, Recipes, Hints, Cautions, Poetry, Science, Art, Philosophy, Manners, Customs, Proverbs, Problems, Experiments, Personals, News, Wit and Humor, Historical Essays, Remarkable Events, New Inventions, Curious Ceremonies, Recent Discoveries, and a complete report of all the latest Fashions, as well as all the novelties in Needlework, and fullest and freshest information relating to all matters of personal and home adornment, and domestic matters. To the people everywhere it will prove one of the best, most instructive, reliable and moral papers that has ever entered their homes.

TERMS:

$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE,

Including a Copy of the beautiful Oleograph, "PRESENTING THE BRIDE."

CLUBS.

2 copies one year (and "Presenting the Bride" to each)	$ 3 50
3 copies one year " "	5 00
4 copies one year " "	6 00
5 copies one year " "	8 50
10 copies one year " "	15 00
20 copies one year " "	28 00

☞ An extra copy of the Paper and Oleograph free to a person sending a club of five or more.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Five Three-Cent Stamps Must be added to each subscription, to pay postage and packing on the picture.

The Premium cannot be purchased by itself; it can only be obtained in connection with THE POST. Only one premium will be sent with each subscription. Where a second premium is desired, another subscription will have to be sent.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists, our prices to club subscribers are so low that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for bringing the paper to their notice. Remember, the getter-up of a club of five or more gets not only the Premium Oleograph, "PRESENTING THE BRIDE," free for his trouble, but a copy of the paper also.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Lock Box 5.) **720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.**

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is not something which can be parceled out and divided evenly among a number of people. It does not consist in the possession of money, or applause, or fame, or position, or all united, for it is well known that these may co-exist with much misery. Neither is it involved in advantages and opportunities, however numerous or valuable they may be, for these are often neglected or misused. It is rather the result in our own experience of the full exercise of all our faculties. In other words, complete life would include complete happiness, and, though, with our numerous imperfections, this is at present impossible, the fuller and richer the life the happier it must necessarily be.

As means of making themselves unhappy, some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing, to do nothing well, and to please nobody. It is better to be interested with inferior persons and inferior things than to be indifferent with the best. A principal cause of this indifference is the adoption of other people's tastes instead of the cultivation of our own—the pursuit after that for which we are not fitted, and to which, consequently, we are not in reality inclined. This folly pervades, more or less, all classes, and arises from the error of building our enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion, instead of being, with due regard to others, each our own world.

We have, to a great extent, the power of retaining our happiness. Living by rule and obeying nature's simple laws may seem very irksome to people at first; but doing so soon becomes a habit, and a blessed habit, and one that tends to happiness, to comfort, and to length of life. A great deal might be said about the benefits of regularity in our modes of living. Old people who have once settled down in a kind of a groove of life cannot be unsettled therefrom, even for a few days, without danger to health and life itself. The wheels of life will run long in grooves, but soon wear out in rough, irregular roads. Habits, whether good or bad, are easily formed when one is young; but when one advances in years it is terribly difficult, and oftentimes dangerous, to set them aside. Therefore study, if you would live happy and long, to be regular in your habits of life in every way, and let your regularity have a good tendency.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE portraits on the new postage stamps that come in use October 1 are; 1-cent, Franklin; 2-cent, Jackson; 3-cent, Washington; 5-cent, Garfield; 6-cent, Lincoln; 7 cent, Stanton; 10-cent, Jefferson; 12-cent, Clay; 15-cent, Scott; 30 cent, Hamilton; 90-cent, Ferry.

—

A CLUB composed of thirteen members, and styled the "Thirteen Club," assembled at its nineteenth annual dinner in New York recently, with its original number intact. This, in itself, is enough to shake the strongest belief in the old superstition that if 13 sit down at a table one of the number will die before a year is over.

—

THE highest tribunal of Nebraska has decided that no one except the original purchaser of a round-trip excursion ticket, which is sold at a reduced rate, can use it; and that any other person than the original purchaser attempting to use such a ticket, if put off the train or obliged to pay full fare, cannot collect damages from the railroad company.

—

ONE of the amendments to the military law in France, introduced in the French Chamber, wages war upon the bachelors. It proposes to put all the bachelors into the first class of reserves to be called out first in time of war, and to be compelled, in time of peace, to extra drills and manœuvres. It also retains them on the list of reserves for twelve years instead of six years, the term for married men. The amendment is conceived in the hope of forcing the smart young bachelors of France into matrimony.

—

THE strongest argument against the enfranchisement of women is, according to *Truth*, the power it would throw into the hands of the clergy. "Of course," it says, "the ladies who so energetically advocate the cause of their sex, upon public platforms, would not be particularly amenable to this influence. But the vast majority of their weaker sisters would undoubtedly have recourse to their pastors, not only for ghostly counsel and advice, but also for political principles. Pulpits would more than ever resemble electioneering platforms, and recent experiences have gone far to prove that the less clergymen have to do with politics the better."

—

A COUNTRY merchant visited the city a few days ago, and purchased from a dollar store a table-castor, which he took home with him, and after putting a tag on it marked $14, made a present of it to a Methodist minister, whose church his family attended. The reverend gentleman took the package home, opened it and examined the contents. The next day he took the castor (with the tag attached) back to the groceryman, and said to him: "I am too poor in this world's goods to afford to display so valuable a castor on my table, and if you have no objection, I should like to return it and take $14 worth of groceries in its stead." The merchant could do nothing but acquiesce, but fancy his feelings!

—

TREAT flesh wounds in the following manner: Close the lips of the wound with the hand; hold them firmly together to check the flow of blood until several stitches can be taken and bandages applied; then bathe the wound a long time in cold water. Should it be painful, take a panful of burning coals, and sprinkle upon them a handful of brown sugar, and hold the wounded part in the smoke. To cure sneezing, plug the nostrils with cotton or wool. The effect is instantaneous. Pains in the side are most promptly relieved by the application of mustard. If an artery is severed, tie a small cord or handkerchief tightly above it until a physician arrives. Broken limbs should be placed in a natural position and the patient kept quiet until help arrives.

—

THE Massachusetts Supreme Court has lately made an interesting decision in a will case. The testator, in consequence of injury, could only look upward, he lying upon his back in bed; the witnesses to the will, at the time of signature, were in the same or an immediately adjoining room with him; the testator could hear all that was said, and knew and understood all that was done, read the names, and said he was glad it was done. The contestants claimed that the attestation was insufficient, because the testator could not see the witnesses subscribe their names. But the Court, admitting that upon the construction of similar statutes some courts had held such attestation insufficient, says that it is of the opinion that so nice and narrow a construction is not required by the letter, and would defeat the spirit of the statute.

—

LATE rising may be the cause of a man's absolute ruin, not only in his profession, which is easy enough to understand, but also in his virtue. The self-indulgence fostered by the habit eats deeper into the substance of the nature than the mere fact of the late lying eats into the substance of the income. The knowledge that he ought to be up and doing the hard, practical work of the day, while he lies wrapped in slothful dreams and false content—the knowledge that every hour spent in this pleasant, sensual indolence is so much weakening of the finer sense of duty, the firmer fibre of self-mastery, and so much added to the habit of disloyalty to virtue, with corresponding difficulty in going up the steep path of reform—the knowledge that he is not doing what he ought, and that he is doing what he ought not, even in what seems to be a minor matter of morals—is of itself a slipping down to worse things than the mere habit of sleeping long in the morning.

—

WHEN steam had nothing to do but to make the lid of a kettle dance, what an amiable giant he was, and seemingly harmless, playing a gentle tune, to which teatable chat went on. But Watt, the busybody, caught him and enslaved him, and what a monster of destruction he has become! We cannot count his murders, nor the maiming that may be laid to his charge. And when he rushes roaring through the country, beauty departs and peace perishes. The green fields become dingy waste land; river banks are ruined, and malaria lives in the stagnant pools beside the track. Hideous gin-shops thrive, drunken idlers lie about where dreamy anglers once delighted to sit. The bird and the squirrel fly in terror, and the tramp appears. Were there any tramps before there were railroads? Certainly, from any good point of observation one might soon learn to fancy that the track was made quite as much for tramps as for steam-cars, for there seems to be an equal number. In fact, wherever steam-cars go, noise, dirt, discomfort, dissipation and poverty lie along the path. It is the revenge which steam has taken on man for enslaving him.

—

OF all the queer and sensational announcements made by the Salvation Army, those recently issued at Port Adelaide, Australia take the lead. The hall occupied by the South Australian branch of the army is spoken of as a glory shop. A "monster hosannah meeting" held in this glory shop is addressed by Happy George, Zulu Jim, and the Boy with Hair Like Heaven. One of the attractions is "the struggle with pies, tarts, cheesecakes, ham and tongue sandwiches, bread and butter, tea, sugar, milk, etc., of which you can have a full supply by paying one shilling each." In the evening a "Merry-go-Round" is held at the glory shop, where "some hot bombshells will be poured into Satan's territories." A monster salvation meeting is harangred by "a host of hallelujah lasses in their Timbuctoo bonnets." The announcement begins with the startling heading, "Hallo! Hallo! Jack! What's up? Look here!" and winds up by crying, "Come, See, and Get Gloriously Saved! Amen!" The officer in command, who is responsible for this extraordinary invitation to religious privilege, signs himself, "Captain Tom Gibbs, the Yorkshire Relish."

—

OBSERVATIONS made by a member of the Society of Horticulture at Limoges, show that a castor-oil plant having been placed in a room infested with flies, they disappeared as if by magic. Wishing to find the cause, he soon found under the castor-oil plant a number of dead flies, and a large number of bodies had remained clinging to the under surface of the leaves. It would, therefore, appear that the leaves of the castor-oil plant give out an essential oil, or some toxic principle which possesses very strong insecticide qualities. Castor-oil plants are in France very much used as ornamental plants in rooms, as they resist very well variations of atmosphere and temperature. As the castor-oil plant is very much grown and cultivated in all gardens, the Journal of Agriculture points out that it would be worth while to try decoctions of the leaves to destroy the green flies and other insects which in summer are so destructive to plants and fruit-trees. Anyhow, his observations merit that trial should be made of the properties of the castor-oil plant both for the destruction of flies in dwellings and other troublesome insects.

—

AN idea of the enormous distance of the sun from the earth is given by means of the following illustration: "The earth is about 8,000 miles in diameter. If you could make a straight railroad around the equator, it would take just about 26 days to make the circuit of it, at 40 miles an hour, without any change at stations. No practical means of conveyance will take you around it in less than three months. Then the moon, our next neighbor, is about thirty times the earth's diameter—about 240,000 miles away. That is not so very inconceivable. When we come to the sun, we find its distance is about four hundred times as great as that of the moon—about 95,000,000 miles. Those figures mean nothing until you take an illustration. Take a railroad from the earth to the sun, with a train running forty miles an hour without stops, and it would take 265 years and a little over to make the journey. So that, if the first settlers of this country, at the time they started from the mother country, had started from the sun by this railroad, they would be just about reaching this country now. But very few of them could have afforded it, for even at a cent a mile the fare would have been $950,000. There are very few people who could afford to go to the sun at that rate of cheerfulness even."

A WOMAN'S HEART.

BY S. W.

Go, whisper your vows to another!
Go, tell the false love again!
What matter if women are trusting?
What matter their sorrow or pain?

Not sorrow alone is the burden
That stifles my breathing to-night;
There is a disdain in scorning
The hand that is to touch but to blight.

There is a wild passion of anger
Beyond what weak words can tell;
I only ask you to leave me
Alone in my weakness to dwell.

Weakness! Ah, me, such a weakness:—
Weak to meet all the coming years,
Along with memories freighted,
That blossom and fade into tears!

Touch me not, oh! I implore you—
There is a wound in my aching heart,
That only awaits your caresses
To give it a life-long smart.

And now—alone in my sorrow!
Sorrow I fain would forget,
Sorrow I never can trample
In the dust of a living regret.

Gone? Ah, life is all weary!
A woman's heart is a thing
Once touched by love's arrow can never
Outlive the pain of the sting.

Her One Chance.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

"THERE she is," said Dot, as a tall, slight figure with a trailing black dress and a scarlet shawl came around the corner by the lime trees, and walked slowly towards them.

"That's Miss Maverick—and, oh, Reginald! she's lovely."

"Is she?" said Reginald, a little dubiously.

"I shouldn't"—but the near approach of the stranger kept back the remainder of his sentence, and with his lowest bow he expressed himself "delighted" at meeting Miss Maverick, whom Dora introduced him.

"My cousin, Mr. Lanster, Katherine."

Miss Maverick bowed in answer, took a calmly critical survey of the young gentleman, and after saying a few words to him and his companion, walked towards the house.

"So that is Reginald Lanster," she said to herself. "Dot's fate!—lucky little goose!"

"You think she is 'lovely,' do you?" debated Reginald, when the tall figure had passed by.

"Not very good taste on your part, I think, Miss Dora:" but, oddly enough, he turned his handsome head and looked after her for all that.

"What did you say she was, Dot?—a music mistress?"

"Yes," answered Dot, "our music teacher at school.

"When papa was calling the other day to see me, she was in the room giving me my lesson.

"He heard her name and spoke to her, and it came out that he and her father were great friends in early life, and he invited her to come home with me for the holidays.

"Mr. Maverick was a Colonial merchant, or something of that, and affairs got bad with him and he died."

"And so the daughter has to teach music!"

"Yes; such a pity! Such toil it is! And she is so nice!" ran on Dot.

"I am sorry you do not like her!"

"I did not say I disliked her," contended Reginald, who liked to have everything his own way, conversation included.

"How can I like her or dislike her, Dot, when I never before set eyes upon her?

"She is a grand young woman; I concede that; and perhaps will improve on acquaintance."

"There! Improve!"

Reginald laughed: he was fond of teasing little Dot.

She would be eighteen this month, and had come home for good; he was twenty-one.

Both of them were wealthy: and according to family plans and projects, in two years more they were to become man and wife.

"Never mind," said Reginald, loftily.

"I say she may improve on acquaintance; meanwhile, let us talk of something else." But still when a turn in the path brought the graceful figure, with its scarlet and black draperies into view again, he turned his head and looked after her once more.

"She walks well," said he, "like a Spaniard, and they are the most graceful race of women I know."

"How was it you only got here this morning, Reginald?—and are you come to make a long stay?"

"That's as may be," answered Reginald, passing the first query over.

"Depends, perhaps, upon how you treat me."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dora.

"Why, we always treat you well. Papa and mamma are always glad to see you."

"What a dear, simple child it is!" thought the young man, superior in his three years' elder wisdom.

He made better acquaintance with Miss Maverick in the evening.

Her dark, oval face looked well by gaslight; her eyes were large and lustrous; her heavy black hair, braided in a coronet and destitute of ribbon or ornament of any kind, was a wonder of it[illegible]; and although her dress was so pla[illegible]at, on another woman, it might have seemed almost "dowdy"—her tall, graceful figure made it seem a garb fit for a princess.

Her manner pleased Reginald.

She was ladylike, quiet and dignified; brilliant, too, he found in conversation when he heard her talking with his uncle.

Mr. Lanster, a pleasant, well-informed man, seemed much struck with her.

"A fine woman," commented Reginald to himself.

"I rather admire her."

But the "fine woman," apparently ignorant of his kindly feelings, was unapproachable and distant all the evening.

The next day it was the same, and the next, and so on, until at last, Reginald Lanster—handsome, petted, conceited fellow that he was, became fairly piqued by the singularly chilly manner of the "poor teacher," towards whom he would have been unusually suave and amiable.

Katherine Maverick, never thinking to offend or slight him, looked upon him as a boy.

Little more than a boy was he yet—only twenty-one; a handsome, idle, good-natured, good-for-nothing boy.

He had left college before his time, had come into his property, and felt very much disposed to have a "regular good time" of it.

He was vain; he had been made much of all his life; and he had been falling in and out of love continuously since the remote period when he had first donned a pair of boots.

He had been deeply in love with no less than three young ladies since coming down from college; but when he started on this visit to his uncle's he made his mind up to devote himself to Dot only during his stay.

But he found Dot rather much of a baby, or a school-girl, yet.

And several days went on.

"Dot is a darling," he said, meditatively, as he strolled down to the beach alone one afternoon; Dot having been borne off to make some stately "calls," in which Regy flatly refused to participate.

"Such a dear, little, kittenish thing, so different from that Miss Maverick.

"Still she's hardly—Hallos!" for a sudden turn, around a jutting rock, caused him almost to fall over a dark-robed lady, who sat there gazing out to sea.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat.

"I didn't know you were here."

The soft dark eyes turned slowly upon him.

"Ah, it is you," she said, with a smile, which made Regy wonder how he had ever thought her plain.

"I often come here—I like to watch the sea."

The slender hand drew her dress away slightly from the other end of the rock on which she sat, and Reginald, emboldened by the smile, gallantly asked permission to seat himself beside her.

It was astonishing how quickly they became acquainted.

Miss Maverick, on the sands alone, and all to himself, was very different from Miss Maverick in company: and Reginald soon found himself talking and laughing with her freely, as though they were quite old friends.

Not until the slanting beams of the sun warned them of the flight of time, did they think of returning homeward; and, then, as Miss Maverick, drawing her shawl around her, rose to go, he said with a boyish directness, which once in a while came to the surface through all his affectations: "I like you a great deal better than I thought I did.

"I hope I shall have a chance to talk with you again."

"Thanks for the wish," she answered, laughing softly, and then they separated, she going slowly towards the house, and he waiting behind on the beach to indulge in a cigar; and, for a wonder, thinking.

"By Jove, she's a splendid girl! That little stupid Dot's nothing beside her.

"I must cultivate my friendship with Miss Maverick.

"What a shame that she should be a teacher in Dot's school. She's a true lady, if ever there was one."

After that, they met often; by accident, as it seemed to Katherine.

Sometimes on the beach, or in the shady garden, or in one or other of the quiet rooms of the pretty little house—for this was only Mr. Lanster's seaside residence.

"Regy seems to be very studious all on a sudden," observed Mr. Lanster one day.

"He doesn't care to go out with us at all; he is always strolling out in solitude with a book."

Alas for Regy's "solitary studies!"

The book which accompanied him was generally used as a hassock for Miss Maverick's trimly-booted feet, and Regy himself was studying quite another volume.

Mrs. Lanster did not often invite the teacher to accompany herself and daughter on these visits; the little open carriage held but two besides the coachman; and Regy was sure to find her on the beach or among the rocks.

Then perhaps they had a little study together, that of some seductive book of poetry.

This was all very nice and pleasant; still it was dangerous.

Regy knew it; perhaps Miss Maverick knew it.

Regy knew perfectly well that if the real state of affairs was discovered he would be sent home to his mother in disgrace, and that there would be, as he expressed it, "a deuce of a row all round," and Miss Maverick suspected that her stay with Mrs. Lanster might be of extremely short duration, should the full extent of her intimacy with the young heir become known.

Both knew this, and yet, perhaps this knowledge was partly that which made the situation so pleasant—a spice of danger is always fascinating; and so, as the days passed, Regy found himself doing precisely the thing which he ought not to have done, falling tremendously in love with this fine girl, fathoms deeper than he had ever gone before.

And Katherine Maverick? She laughed at him, petted him, scolded him, and called him a "foolish boy," unconscious that she daily made the net stronger and stronger.

She was not a scheming woman, nor a hard-hearted woman, but she was poor, and sick to death of her hard life, and perhaps this rendered her less scrupulous than she would have been.

Besides, why did they think her not good enough to pay visits with them?—that stung her; why did they leave her alone to Regy's society? If Reginald Lanster some fine day asked her to marry him—ah! what a prospect that would be!

Should she say Yes?

It seemed to be her one chance of lifting herself out of her undesirable life.

One consideration would be a drawback to it, and that was Dot.

The child was so honestly fond of her, she confided all the secrets of her innocent heart to her, and the chiefest of these was about her cousin Regy.

Katherine felt a little conscience-striken as the girl talked to her on this subject.

"I love him so dearly," Dot said one day; "I wouldn't tell anyone else in the world but you, you seem like a sister now, and I know you can be trusted."

And thus, with her curly head on her friend's shoulder, she would talk of Regy and herself and of the "some day" which was coming in the future.

One Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Lanster returned from town, he brought with him a friend, Mr. Sarmiento.

Dora observed that she supposed it must be a Greek name, as Mr. Sarmiento was a Greek merchant; very rich and powerful.

He lived in a beautiful house near the town, and had one little girl, but no wife, for she was dead.

A tall, fine man of some six-and-thirty years, sensible, well-informed, with a pleasant voice and manner.

He sat next to Katherine at dinner and seemed greatly pleased with her; and was with her afterwards during a good part of the evening.

"That's a very nice young woman you have staying with you, Lanster," he remarked to his host, when they went out together, with their cigars, for a short stroll the last thing.

"Ay; so I think," warmly replied Mr. Lanster.

"You remember Maverick, who was in the Colonial trade seven or eight years ago?"

"And made that fiasco in it before he died? Yes."

"Not his fault, though.

"John Maverick was honest as the day."

"His misfortune, then. I dare say it was so. Well, what of him?"

"This is his daughter."

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Sarmiento, in surprise."

"*His* daughter—and teaching in a school!"

"What would you?" quietly returned the host: "Maverick's means died with him—and his wife died of grief soon afterwards.

"The poor girl had nothing left to live upon; so she remained in the school, where she was being educated, as music-mistress, and I fancy—as general drudge."

"Poor girl, indeed!

"She seems to me to deserve a happier fate," concluded Mr. Sarmiento.

It was Thursday, the sixth day of Mr. Sarmiento's stay.

Other visitors also had been coming and going.

Most of the leisure time of that gentleman seemed to be devoted to Miss Maverick: when he was not obliged by courtesy to devote it to others.

He certainly enjoyed talking with her, their conversation often turning on her late father and the years gone by.

If she went on the beach, he would join her there; if she sat in the shady nooks of the garden, he would be sure to find her.

At night she sang the songs he liked and asked for; and she sang very sweetly.

Reginald Lanster felt that he should like to drown Mr. Sarmiento.

Reginald had fallen desperately in love with Katherine.

He had been in love several times before, but was never, he thought, as much in earnest as now.

He wandered about in a torment of mind inconceivable: partly caused by jealousy, partly by indecision—for he could not quite decide whether to brave his mother and all the Lanster family, and offer Katherine his hand; or whether to let his love die away by-and-by, as it had died for all his former flames.

On this day, Thursday, watching Katherine, his aunt, and one or two more ladies, attended by Mr. Sarmiento, start off to walk to some ruins in the neighborhood, the young man felt especially bitter.

"Why don't you come also, Reginald?" called out Mr. Sarmiento, as he ran past him at the door to catch up with the ladies; not, however, waiting for any answer.

"Hang him!" muttered Reginald, considering himself unreasonably ill-used.

It was not altogether about Katherine, his grievance; it was on the score of neglect as well.

Formerly he was all-and-all in the household; now nothing was cared for but this old Sarmiento.

In a frightful temper, he went of to the beach.

Dora followed, slipping her hand, cousinly fashion, within his arm: all unconscious, poor child, that he no longer saw in her "the sweetest little girl in the world," but an emissary of unkind fortune, whom he could not help showing temper to.

It was hard upon her; altogether hard.

Regy put it more strongly and called it, in self-reproach, "devilish mean."

But there seemed to be no help for it; and would not be until that wretch was gone.

"How long does that fellow mean to stay, Dot?" he cried.

"What fellow?" asked Dot.

"That Sarmiento."

"Till Tuesday next, I think.

"I fancy he and papa are going up together. Don't you like him, Regy? We all do."

"I should like to shoot him!" ferociously avowed Reginald.

"Oh, how can you! Why, he is very nice-looking.

"His hair is as bright as gold."

"Hang his hair!" growled the young man, as he shook off Dot's gentle hand and strode away from her.

Poor Dot, not understanding matters in the smallest degree, sat down on the sands and cried a little.

What was it that she did, that she had been doing for days past, to offend Reginald, and make him so cross and captious?

Evening came. Reginald was as much out of sorts as a fairly well-behaved gentleman could be.

What with one impediment or another, two whole days had passed since he spoke to Miss Maverick—save in the ordinary commonplaces of the family circle—and he was feeling decidedly savage.

To add to his annoyance, Miss Maverick seemed in no wise to sympathize with his discomfort, or even to notice his state of mind.

He sat moodily in a corner, watching her with jealous admiration, for she was looking her very best.

The soft white dress that she wore was perfection, with the scarlet fuchsias drooping at her throat and in her black braids, and her pale face was made even more brilliant and striking, by contrast with the fair red and white dames around her—and Reginald was driven almost to desperation by a well-meant word from his aunt.

"Miss Maverick looks wonderfully well to-night," said that smiling matron.

"I shouldn't be surprised if Mr. Sarmiento were growing really interested in her.

"What a fortunate thing it would be!—and he is a good man."

"I wish you'd not talk nonsense, aunt!" came the peevish retort.

"Well, it may be nonsense; I dare say it won't turn out to be anything else," laughed Mrs. Lanster, "but the best of us are matchmakers, you know.

"Have you a headache to-night, Regy?—you seem out of sorts."

"Yes," he nodded, "an awful headache." Headache and heartache also, he might have added, had he dared.

Mrs. Lanster moved away, leaving him in a fever of impatience.

There, at the opposite end of the room, stood Katherine, in her stately beauty; and Mr. Sarmiento at her side talking with her.

"How is it that you shun me?" abruptly demanded the young fellow, accosting her when he got an opportunity.

"But I do not shun you," she answered, smiling.

"You do.

"You are ever with—with somebody or other," retorted Reginald.

"Why, it's days and days since we had one of our pleasant walks by the noisy sea."

"Is it?"

"Don't you mean ever to go for a walk with me again?"

"Indeed, yes—if you really wish me to.

"I will go for a walk to-morrow morning if you like, the first thing after breakfast."

His brow cleared a little.

His tones grew smooth.

"That is a bargain, mind you, Miss Maverick; promise."

"To be sure it is.

"I will keep it, weather permitting.

"Dot"—touching that young lady's arm, who was approaching Katherine with a message from her mother—"will go with us."

This was not exactly what Mr. Reginald wanted.

He could not decently object to Dot's company.

Katherine was called upon to sing; and no more was said.

In the morning they took the walk, the three of them, the weather being all sunshine and sweetness.

Rather a long walk they made of it, strolling hither and thither, and did not get home until close upon one o'clock.

There, news awaited them: Mr. Sarmiento was gone.

"Gone!" exclaimed Dot.

"Why, what's he gone for?

"He said nothing about going at breakfast."

"No," said Mrs. Lanster, "I do not think he decided until later.

"He had some business letters this morning, and was uncertain whether to go or write.

"He made his mind up all at once; and he left his best adieux to you all."

"Much obliged to him," returned Regy, in a semi-sarcastic, semi-jesting tone. "Is he gone for good?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Lanster. "Quite for good."

At which assurance Mr. Reginald went into the seventh heaven.

"Miss Maverick," began Dot, that same day, when the two girls were alone together, "do you know that mamma is disappointed."

"What at?" innocently asked Katherine.

"At Mr. Sarmiento's going off in this abrupt way, without saying anything to you."

Katherine, who was leaning half out of the open window, thoughtfully twirling a carnation about in her fingers—they were in her bedroom—turned to look at Dot.

"But why? he could not help it.

"What should he have to say to me, more than to you and Reginald?"

Dot laughed.

"Don't be angry, Katherine, but mamma has been privately nourishing a little romance.

"Mr. Sarmiento was so greatly taken with you.

"He seemed to like so much to be with you and to talk to you, that she thought he might have some intention of—of proposing to you."

Katherine Maverick stared like one puzzled.

"Oh Dot!"

"Have I offended you?" breathed Dot, for the tone was half an angry one. "I did not mean to."

"No, my dear, you have not offended me.

"I was only surprised," spoke Katherine Maverick.

"Believe me, Dora—and I hope you will repeat this to your mother—that neither by word nor by look did Mr. Sarmiento ever hint at such a thing.

"Such an idea would not have crossed his brain for a moment, and I am sure it never crossed mine.

"The whole world might have heard every word he said to me.

"He used to converse on general topics—and about my dead father—and sometimes he would speak of his little girl—Emma."

"Well, it was a notion mamma took up.

"But, Katherine—could you not see that he liked you?"

"The word 'like,' has various bearings, Dot, my dear.

"Mr. Sarmiento liked me as an acquaintance.

"I feel sure of that.

"I saw that he did, rather, seek to converse with me.

"Once or twice a very ambitious idea did creep in, in regard to the why and the wherefore.

"But not the outrageously ambitious idea that you hint at, child."

"And what is your ambitious idea, Katherine?"

Katherine blushed.

"I know I must be very foolish, Dot; but I fancied it just possible that he might be thinking I should make a suitable governess to his child.

"And what a change it would have been for me from that school!

"That is the only notion that ever entered my mind upon the subject, Dora, upon my honor."

"Yes, that would have been nice for you," sighed Dora.

"It is all at an end now."

"Quite at an end.

"And I was silly.

"No harm is done, my dear."

Katherine Maverick spoke the truth.

Mr. Sarmiento seemed as far above her, in regard to any closer connection, as the sky.

She had never glanced at anything so preposterous.

A grave, sensible, good man, rich and grand and great, and good-looking withal; and she a poor music-mistress!

She hated the prospect of returning to the school, and to its drudgery; from which there was never any intermission from Monday morning till Saturday night, no elevating companionship, no interchange of higher thoughts.

If she could but escape it!

Her heart felt faint at times at the very hopelessness of the wish.

A few evenings after the departure of Mr. Sarmiento, when the stars were beginning to peep out in the heavens through the deepening twilight, Reginald betook himself to the terrace with his cigar, and sat down there out of humor.

The house was very silent.

Dora was spending the day with a young friend, and Mrs. Lanster retired to her room when dinner was over, complaining of indisposition.

Miss Maverick disappeared also—and that was the sore point with Reginald.

"She might have been civil enough to stay with a fellow," he grumbled, tilting himself back in the light chair.

"Did she fear I should eat her? There's the moon now!"

What harm the unoffending moon could do him, rising above the trees in its beauty, he best knew.

But his meditations were none of the pleasantest, his mind was on the rack.

To be, or not to be, was the momentous question he was always debating with himself.

The leaves rustled gently in the cool night breeze.

Beyond that, no sound was audible.

The cigar finished, Reginald folded his arms, and fell into a waking dream.

Light footsteps aroused him from it.

Miss Maverick was coming up the garden, her scarlet shawl folded around her shoulders over her white dress.

"You out here!" exclaimed Reginald.

His face, illuminated by the moonlight, showed his delight more plainly than words could have done.

"I was thinking how awfully solitary it was.

"Do sit down a minute.

"Here's an chair."

"I was so restless," she answered, smiling, as she took the chair.

"I think I must have felt like Herodias' daughter—compelled to wander; and so I wrapped myself in this great shawl and went out."

"What was it my aunt hinted at, during dinner—just a word or two—about your going away?

"What did it mean?"

"I did not hear it. But I am going to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed he. "Was it purposely kept from me?"

"It has not been 'kept' at all from you, that I am aware of. I only knew it myself to-day."

"I thought you had another week to stay here?"

"To-morrow is the day I am due.

"Mrs. Lanster wrote to Miss Poole to beg for another week for me, and had her answer this morning—no, I must go back to my duties at the time appointed.

"Your good aunt did not tell me until just before dinner."

"It's shameful!" cried Regy, much disturbed.

"It's worse for me than for anybody else," said poor Katherine.

"After all these pleasant days here to go back to purgatory!"

"That's a very strong word!" said Reginald.

She smiled faintly.

"It is what the girls have christened the school.

"Shall you think of me sometimes when I am gone!"

"Think of you!" he repeated with feeling, his young face painfully earnest.

"Katherine! must you really go?"

"Why, of course I must," she answered, her own face full of pain.

"You must not go."

"But I must go.

"What else can I do?"

"You can marry me," he replied, so suddenly that he was almost startled at himself.

"I love you, Katherine, and you know it."

"No, no, no," she whispered in agitation.

"But I say yes.

"Katherine, you cannot think of leaving me in despair.

"What would my life be worth to me without you?

"Oh, my love, be mine!"

She turned to him with an impulse of tenderness, took his hand and clasped it between both of hers.

"You are very generous, Reginald, and I thank you.

"I thank you truly.

"But it must not be.

"Think of your family!"

"Bother my family!" was the energetic response.

"I want you for my wife, not my family's."

Nevertheless, a qualm of conscience took him as he spoke, in spite of his bravery and his defiant feeling.

She slightly shook her head; she knew.

Reginald has released his own hand and imprisoned hers.

"Besides" — rather hesitatingly — "our ages are incompatible. I am older than you."

"I am twenty-one. I am my own master."

"I am twenty-five," she quietly rejoined.

"You—forgive me, Reginald, for saying so—are but a boy."

"I am not a boy," retorted Reginald.

"I am master, I tell you, of myself and of my fortune.

"It is ten thousand a year; it will be more later."

Ten thousand a year, versus her life of toil!

What a vista it was!—what a temptation!

"At twenty-five a woman seems quite old, compared with a boy of twenty-one.

"The world knows it to be so, Reginald."

"I am old enough to know my own mind and heart, and I love you, Katherine.

"Oh, my dear one, I cannot give you up!"

She had risen.

One slender hand lay on the elbow of the chair, with the other she held her shawl together at the throat; and Reginald, his handsome face full of entreaty, stood beside her.

"Katherine, speak to me," cried Reginald.

But she stood silent.

It was her one chance, she told herself; the one only chance she should probably ever have in life.

Here was Reginald Lanster willing, pleading, to make her his wife in love; no more dreary teaching, no more worrying care.

It was an overwhelming temptation.

But still Katherine Maverick stood silent.

On the soft hand which rested on the chair, a golden band with a sapphire glittered.

It was a ring which Dot had given her.

It brought the loving, innocent little girl forcibly to her remembrance.

She thought how the child had opened her heart to her in perfect and entire trust when whispering of her love for Reginald.

She thought how fragile and delicate the girl was.

How cruel would be the shock to her when she learnt the extent of the treachery enacted against her by the two beings she esteemed most in all the world.

"And she dearly loves him," added Katherine.

"No, I cannot do this."

She warm pressure of Regy's hand fell on hers, hiding the ring from view.

"Why do you hesitate, Katherine?" he breathed.

But she stood yet in silence.

It had not quite passed, the temptation.

How strong it yet was, she never afterwards liked to recall.

"Treachery, and worse than treachery," she thought.

"Treachery in more ways than one, and to others beside Dot.

"Shall I thus requite Mr. and Mrs. Lanster—who have been kindness itself to me?

"Worse than all, shall I store up for myself before heaven a remorseful conscience that would never be at rest?

"No, no, no;

"Painful days and weary nights to my life's end, rather than that."

"Katherine!" he murmured softly—and then his face came nearer, bent closer, and for a single moment he drew her head down on his shoulder, and pressed his lips to hers.

"Don't, Reginald," she faintly cried, drawing away and standing erect before him.

"It was a great temptation, but my better angel was with me and I have conquered.

"What you ask can never be.

"Do you not see what treachery we both should be guilty of—I especially?

"It has been very pleasant here, pleasanter, I dare say, than any time for me will ever be again, but to-night ends it."

"Can you be so cruel?" he burst forth, his eyes filling.

"You may think me cruel now, but you will know better in time, and then you may thank me.

"Perhaps in the days to come, when you and Dot are a happy husband and wife, you will invite me to stay a week or two with you.

"But I shall never come here before that.

"We will say good-bye now—and I thank you for all, Reginald."

Some feeling in his own heart told him she was right.

He clasped her to him with a great sob, and took another kiss from her lips.

And so, the next day, Katherine Maverick went away—back to the dreary school, with the good wishes of Dot and all her friends, but with a lonesome, weary ache in her heart.

"I shall never forget you," breathed Reginald, as he saw her into the carriage; "you might have made my life's sunshine, Katherine."

She smiled faintly as she waved her hand to him in the distance.

"It was my one chance," she thought again.

"But I am thankful my resolution held out, not to take it.

"And now for purgatory!"

She had been back in Purgatory only a week or two, when one morning a servant came to the class-room with a message.

A gentleman had called to see Miss Maverick.

Very much surprised, Katherine, pencil in hand, and black-stuff apron on—as all the teachers were required to wear—went to the parlor, and saw Mr. Sarmiento.

He had come to ask her to be governess to his little daughter.

"Oh, I should like it; I know I should like it," she said, her face beaming with pleasure.

"But I'm afraid——"

"Afraid of what?" asked Mr. Sarmiento, smiling.

"I do not think Miss Poole will release me."

"Supposing Miss Poole does release you—is it what will suit you?—what you deem yourself fitted for—the charge of one little girl?"

"I truly think so," answered Katherine.

"She is rather a rebellious child and requires firm management.

"My good old aunt, who lives with me, and has much indulged her, confesses that Emma is getting beyond her control.

"But dear Aunt Rachel is just as mild as milk, and Emma knows that quite well."

"I do not fear being able to train her," spoke Miss Maverick, with a beaming face.

"I shall begin by making her love me."

"Just so.

"Make her love you," he returned in a pleased tone.

"I need not say, Miss Maverick, that you will be entirely as one of ourselves in my home; regarded as a visitor, not as a governess.

"And with regard to remuneration, aunt Rachel thought about five hundred a year—if you would consider that sufficient."

"Five hundred a year!" cried Katherine, breathlessly.

"For me!

"Why I only get sixty dollars here.

"That is why I have to dress so very plainly."

"Then we will say it is settled," returned Mr. Sarmiento.

"Oh, if it might be!" sighed Katherine, her ardor damped.

"But there's Miss Poole."

"Kindly leave Miss Poole to me," he said.

"I should not like to seem ungrateful—and she has just raised my salary," debated Katherine.

"Ten dollars more.

"Until this term I had but fifty dollars."

"I will settle matters with Miss Poole," he answered, laughing.

* * * * * * *

Two years later.

Reginald Lanster and his young wife were on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Sarmiento's.

"What geese we were in those old days, Katherine!" exclaimed Reginald, in a moment of confidence; for he was just as outspoken as ever.

"So silly and foolish."

"Speak for yourself, if you please, sir," laughed Mrs. Sarmiento. "I think I was the contrary.

"Ah, Reginald, fate and fortune judged better for us than we were inclined then to judge for ourselves.

"Had I been the goose implied, you might be a less happy man than you are.

"We should never have suited one another, you and I."

"Well, no, I dare say not," candidly acknowledged Reginald.

"You have been too clever for me; too sensible.

"Dot is the dearest little wife in the world, but she has not a bit of cleverness in her.

"She gives in to me in all respects."

"Just so," said Katherine.

"And I should have lectured you, and kept you in order—which you'd not have liked.

"Whatever is, is right, you know.

"There is a far wider truth in that assertion, Reginald, than the world generally realizes."

* * * * * *

"Yes, I thought of Katherine as my possible wife when I was staying those few days with your father and mother," answered Mr. Sarmiento to Dot, when they were conversing together of old times.

"I was very much taken with her.

"I came home and talked with Aunt Rachel.

"She was always telling me I ought to marry again.

"We agreed to invite Miss Maverick here as the child's governess, that I might have the opportunity of seeing more of her, and deciding for it or against it," nodded Dot, approvingly.

"I did.

"Shortly, too.

"Dear Katherine!

"I often think it was heaven itself that threw the chance in my way."

A MEAN TRICK.—A man who probably hailed from Buffalo played a powerful mean trick on a Detroit bridal couple at Niagara Falls the other evening.

They went to a hotel and registered, had supper, and then started out for a night view of the Mighty Roarer.

They had not gone far when a man called to them and said—

"Have you just been married?"

"We have," answered the group.

"Going to stay here a day or two?"

"Yes."

"Having registered at my hotel you probably intend to remain there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want to say a word to you. I don't want any ducky-dearry nonsense around my house. I want no popsy-wopsy business on the veranda. I want no squeezing hands on the balconies or feeding each other at the table."

The groom let his arm fall from his bride's waist in a slow and painful manner, and the stranger continued—

"The first time you call her peaches and cream, or she calls you her darling, out you go!"

"Y-yes, sir."

"She's no sweeter than ten thousand other girls, and you're no more a darling than I am, and I won't stand love-sick nonsense."

He walked away with that, and people at the Falls who knew the bridal couple were amazed to hear them address each other as Mr. and Mrs., and to see what precautions they took to prevent touching hands or betraying any symptoms of love.

They put in two wretched days, and it was only as they were upon the point of leaving that they discovered how a base villain had duped them.

SHAKING HANDS.—In the ancient usage of striking hands as a pledge of fidelity in confirming a bargain is no doubt to be found the origin of shaking hands. "Who is he who will strike hands with me?" asks Job, when complaining of the unmerited contempt and mistrust to which he was subjected. We also learn that in ancient Rome the hand-shake was utilized in a manner not unfamiliar to the would-be legislators of modern times; that, in fact, it was one of the condescensions practiced by those who aspired to a seat in the senate, to win the good-will and adherence of their constituents.

Answer This.

Can you find a case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Urinary or Liver Complaints that is curable, that Hop Bitters has not or cannot cure? Ask your neighbors if they can

That Letter.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

IDA, have you thought to-morrow is the first of April?

"Can't we fool some one?" questioned saucy, petite Lottie Inglis of her friend, Ida Hacket, as she proceeded to place her books in her desk, preparatory to leaving the almost vacated schoolroom.

Ida Hacket was never at a loss to concoct mischief, so she answered, almost instantly—

"Let us send Miss May a love-letter!

"It would be just jolly!"

"The very thing, Ida, but she would know our handwriting, and we should be discovered."

"Lottie Inglis, you don't suppose I should be such an idiot as to send it in our handwriting, do you?

"No!

"I will compose it, and get my sister to copy it, and you lay it on her desk in the morning, without any one seeing you, and she will never suspect.

"Won't it be fun?"

"Capital!

"But what name shall we sign?"

"Oh, William is as good as any."

"But, suppose she should happen to know some one by the name of William?"

"All the more fun then. But I don't think she does.

"Why, I don't think she ever had a beau in her life!"

Ida was right.

Reserved, gentle, quiet Miss May—with none of the pertness, or brilliance, or saucinness which often attracts the sterner sex when better qualities are lacking—had never known what it was to give or receive the love which is the dream of every girlish heart and without which how hard, and cold, and stern life's duties seem, only those know who have borne their weary burden unsustained by its joy.

Through Lena May's childhood and girlhood, every personal luxury which wealth could furnish had been hers.

She was the petted, idolized child of her devoted parents.

In her sixteenth year her father's health failed.

With his wife and daughter he sailed for France, leaving his business in the hands of his partner.

A panic came, and Mr. May was obliged to return, with his health but little improved, and found his business prospects utterly ruined.

From unbounded affluence the family were gradually reduced to absolute poverty.

Then Lena, not yet nineteen, her education finished, obtained, through the influence of a friend, a situation as teacher in a seminary for young ladies.

Her earnings were barely sufficient to support her now infirm parents and herself.

But not many years was she privileged to spend her income in caring for them.

The aged rarely survive long the loss of fortune, friends and luxury.

They died within a few weeks of each other.

At twenty-two Lena May was alone in the world, with neither money nor beauty, and she had never had, and never thought now of having a lover.

And that is how on the first of April morning—never remembering the fatal day—her pale cheeks flushed and a strange, happy light came into her blue eyes as she read the words which told her somebody cared for her.

This was the letter—

"MY DEAR LENA,—

"It gives me great pleasure to inform you that I love you and want you for my wife.

"I want you to marry me and make me happy as we tread life's stormy voyage together.

"How much I love you I never can tell.

"Will you ride with me this afternoon and give me your answer? I will call for you at four.

"Your devoted lover,

"WILLIAM."

"William!

"Mr. Winston!" she said softly to herself, looking over to where the head master [illegible] desk.

[illegible] letter, as they watched the light which shone in their teacher's face, had known that Mr. Winston's name was William, and of what Miss May was thinking, they would have felt exceeding uncomfortable, and have doubted whether April-fooling was quite so jolly after all.

At present they only smiled, and exchanged congratulatory looks, and thought it a good joke.

Their amusement was of short duration.

It wanted a few minutes to four, but Miss May was ready and waiting for Mr. Winston.

She would tell him frankly she had never loved any one, she did not love him, but he was her only friend, and if he cared for her she would try to love him as he wished.

And while she waited, the happy vision of a pleasant home, a kind husband, loving children, and devoted friends so wholly absorbed her, that when the clock on her mantel struck four she started, surprised, [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] with a lighter step and a gladder heart than she had known in six long painful years.

Ten minutes passed, and then there was the sound of carriage wheels.

She turned to look.

It was Mr. Winston.

She started from her seat, but he did not even glance in her direction and drove rapidly past.

Something had happened!

He had some errand.

He would be back directly.

She would wait.

Five minutes afterwards Mr. Winston did return, but by his side sat Winnie Winsted.

They both bowed, and laughed, and went on.

What did it mean?

Slowly, with the light all gone out of her face, she went back to her room.

She took up her letter and re-read it carefully.

Puzzled and anxious, she was also to give up trying to unravel the mystery, when her glance rested on the date—

"Scartown, April 1st, 1883."

It was all plain now.

Her cheeks burned and her eyes flashed with anger.

She sat down and penned the following brief note—

"MR. WINSTON,—

"Allow me to return you the letter which I consider it beneath the dignity of any gentleman to write, even in jest.

"With it, also, allow me to tender you my resignation as a teacher in your school, to take effect as speedily as you can produce a substitute. "LENA MAY."

Then she went about her ordinary duties and tried to forget her humiliation.

The morning of the second of April found Mr. Winston, with a dark cloud on his usually sunny face, reading the two notes which Miss May had handed him with such a cold—

"Good-morning."

"Helen, ask Miss May to meet me in the library, directly after the opening exercises, and bring with her all the copy books and compositions which she has in her room," he said to a young girl standing near him.

An hour later Mr. Winston and Miss May stood face to face in the sunny library.

"I sent for you, Miss May, to bring your copy books and compositions that we might consult together as to the best method of detecting the culprit who wrote you that—" he commenced, ignoring altogether her mistake and that other note which in her resentment she had written.

But she, as the truth flashed upon her how she had misjudged this man, interrupted him—

"Mr. Winston, I was hasty. I ought to have known better.

"Forgive me."

"The mistake was natural," he said, putting out his hand and folding hers in a close, warm clasp.

"We will find out who has thus trifled with us and punish them as they deserve, and then forget all about it."

Then seeing her eyes quiver and the tears gathering in her eyes, he added—

"After [illegible] there is no great haste. Perhaps we had better go on with our regular work now, and I will examine the papers at my leisure."

Mr. Winston spent two hours from the close of school until dusk comparing the letter with the papers Miss May left, and at last thought he had solved the mystery between the chirography of one of Lottie Inglis's compositions and the letter.

Evening found him vaguely restless.

He decided to go and spend an hour with Miss Winsted.

She was a bright, winsome little thing, and he liked her.

He passed Miss May's gate, and, looking up, saw a light in the window and the girl sitting intensely absorbed in a book.

He turned back and went in.

"A gentleman to see you, ma'am," the servant said, handing Miss May the master's card.

Miss Lena May was above vanity or coquetry.

It never occurred to her to glance at her face in the mirror, to arrange her hair, or change her dress, or add a bit of finery to her apparel.

To be sure there was no need.

Miss May was habitually neat.

Her only ornament was a dainty pin which held in place at her throat a cluster of late primroses.

She went down to the professor immediately, with the German Testament she was studying in her hand.

After the greetings were exchanged and he had told the little there was to tell about the letter, he inquired what the book was in which he had seen her so interested.

Then she explained to him, that she was studying German, with the idea of one day translating theological works.

"You are ambitious," he answered.

"Am I?

"Such work is remunerative as well as congenial."

"But it will take years of hard study," he said.

"Yes, I know, but teaching is not a pleasant occupation as one grows old, I find."

He smiled, this sunny, light-hearted man of one and thirty years, to hear this girl of twenty-two talk so seriously of being old.

"You must not think of growing old yet.

"Do you find the study easy? I was considered a good German scholar when at college.

"Can I help you?"

"I think you can. Shall I bring my books and see?"

"I should like it very much."

And Winnie Winsted was altogether forgotten, while these two translated German and talked of Ullman, and Luther, and Arabaugh.

And when Mr. Winston looked at his watch, thinking that it must be time he was going, he was surprised to find it was a quarter past eleven o'clock.

Sending for Lottie Inglis the next morning, Mr. Winston asked sternly, handing her the letter—

"Miss Inglis, do you know anything concerning this?"

The girl's cheeks paled.

"I—I didn't write it."

"Who did then?"

"I do not think I ought to tell. I promised I would not."

"How came you to know anything about it?"

"I put it on Miss May's desk."

"I am surprised and pained that you could be a party to an act so very inconsiderate.

"You may go now."

At noon, Ida Hacket, hearing that her friend had been detected came herself and confessed her part in the transaction.

Mr. Winston requested them to meet Miss May in the library after school and offer her an apology.

"If any one had asked me to conjecture what two young ladies in my class had thus insulted me, you are the last of whom I ever should have thought.

"But I forgive you," she said, in answer to their confession and apology.

Mr. Winston was not so lenient.

He peremptorily expelled them.

Almost heart-broken, for they were studious girls, and fond of school, notwithstanding their propensity to mischief, they returned to their seats and bowed their heads upon their desks and sobbed aloud, realising to the full how bitter is the punishment of sin.

Then Miss May, who was really fond of these pupils, went down to the library and besought the principal to allow them to remain in the school.

She pleaded that they had not known the master's name was William, and that as the wrong had only been intended against herself, she might be all well to allow them the punishment, which should be the forfeiture of their monthly certificates, and their place upon the merit roll for the remainder of the term.

To this the principal at last consented.

It proved sufficient correction.

The young ladies forswore the fun of April Fools' Day, and never indulged in any more love-letters until they wrote their own.

Mr. Winston continued to assist Lena May in the study of German, and when next singing birds, and balmy breezes, and sunny skies heralded the coming of another All Fools' Day, he did not drive past the plain boarding-house with pretty Winnie Winsted, but stopped at its gate and assisted Lena May, his affianced, to a seat beside him, and right merrily they laughed over the first of April letter which unwittingly was the means of bringing to them such untold happiness.

SELLING STOCK.—A new trick in selling pure bred stock is to color the skin with the beautiful golden yellow which is supposed to indicate a first-class butter making cow, able to furnish butter of the same tinge as her skin. When the purchaser finds that the first rain washes the color out and leaves him a pale-skinned animal he is apt to think he has been cheated, but it is doubtful if he would have any legal remedy if the goods were not "warranted fast colors."

Arresting the Progress of Consumption and Holding the Disease in Check.

The action of Compound Oxygen in arresting the progress of Consumption and holding the disease in check has been very marked under our Treatment. The following is one of many cases:

"WENTWORTH, N. S., July 28th, 1882.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, Dear Sirs:—I have been using Compound Oxygen about eleven months with good results. Other remedies had failed; physician gave me no encouragement, and seeing your advertisement I resolved to try it, but only as an experiment. When I had used it a few weeks a decided improvement was apparent. Night sweats, vomiting after meals, raising of blood and other threatening symptoms were soon brought under control. My digestion improved; my appetite became good, indeed, my whole system seemed to undergo a change for the better during the first three weeks. During the time that has intervened the above named symptoms have been held in check. I am much better at the present writing than I was a year ago. It is with feelings of gratitude that I acknowledge the great and unsuspected benefit derived from your Treatment. I am not well, I do not expect to get well, as one of my lungs is considerably broken. But your Treatment, by controlling and holding in check my worst symptoms, will certainly prolong life indefinitely. R. BIRD

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila.

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.

A FEW years since, at one of our colleges, the students had contracted such a habit of being out late at night, that a law was put on requiring every student to be in at, or before, ten o'clock in the evening, unless he should have permission for a later absence from one of the masters; and the penalty, in case of infraction, was the remaining out all night, and being dealt with in the morning. The porters who had charge of the outer doors through the night were instructed to allow no student to come in after the designated hour, under any pretence whatever, except the name had been given to them as that of one having permission to be absent to a later hour.

Well, on a certain evening, Jack Windham, a merry-making, fun-loving, but really good and honest fellow, chanced to be half an hour late. He had been in very pleasant company—the company of ladies—and the guttering moments had passed unheeded. At half-past ten he knocked very gently at the outer door of the college dormitory. The old janitor of the institution happened to be on duty at the time—a work he seldom performed; but he had let the porters go away to an entertainment on this evening, and was sitting up in their place.

"Who's that?"

"It's I—Jack Windham.

"Is that you, Peabody?"

"Yes."

"Let me in, that's a good fellow."

But the old janitor was stern. He could not break the laws of the college. At length, however, upon Jack's passing a half-crown under the door, which Peabody could reach and appropriate, the door was carefully opened. The old fellow whispered to the student that he should make no noise, and would have pushed him towards the stairway, but Jack had forgotten something.

"Stay, Good old friend! I believe I've left a book on the window-ledge outside. Will you slip out and get it for me?"

Without hesitation the old money-lover went out, and as he had reached the step outside, Jack closed the door upon him and locked it. The poor janitor, half-dressed, was shivering in the chill night air, and speaking as loudly as he dared, he asked the student why he had locked him out. No answer.

"Jack! Mr. Windham! Will you let me in? I am freezing."

"Ho! is that you, Peabody? Ah! you know what the law is. I would open the door if I dared, but the law forbids."

"Oh, nonsense! I opened the door for you."

"Did you?"

"Why, you know I did."

"Oh—ah—yes! I remember me; and I gave you a half-crown. My dear Peabody, present within mine optic range the same *quid pro quo* that I did give to thee, and in thou comest."

With a groan, the shivering janitor pushed the piece of silver under the door again, and was quickly thereafter admitted.

A NEWLY ELECTED FATHER.—The first baby is the signal of victory in the household of every well regulated cultivator in the baby vineyard. The parent that has his front yard paved with children does not borrow trouble like the man that is experiencing for the first time the exultant glee of a newly elected father. It is usually in the night when he has to hastily jump into his pants and red flannel shirt and scoot for the family physician. He wears good clothes himself, but there is not baby clothes enough in the house to wad a shotgun. He makes a start for his wife's mother, who comes to the rescue. Then he hunts all over town for a nurse and is just about to give up in despair when a drunken foreign woman comes to his relief and for three prices agrees to assist him out of his dilemma. Then he makes half hourly trips to the drug store and wonders if it wouldn't be cheaper to move the apothecary shop into his house and save sole leather. All of his old friends congratulate him and joke him, while young lady acquaintances snicker at his discomfiture, and he begins to wish that he was a camel so he could eat some of his former meals. He looks faint and sorrowful. He has not seen the little cherubim yet and when the nurse brings in a little bundle of cotton flannel rags and gently lays it in his lap he does not know whether to run or scream right out. He becomes familiarized to the situation and tries to hold the infant, but displays a grace more painful than posing upon a bed of thorns. He says "Tootsy Wootsy!" and tries to dandle it upon his knee and has it taken from him by the nurse, who is frightened at his display of ignorance upon the baby question. In the mean time the boss runs staring it in the face at two dollars a week commission, and he wonders what on earth is going to happen next to mar his interest in life. The first baby grows to be a strapping big child and it has been petted and indulged until it rules the roost. When it passes a command the volunteers must obey or there is war to the spinal column. After the first born men are not even fools over their progeny.

A WESTERN man called his house "Rotten" because it had wings. The heavy mortgage on it kept it from doing much flying, however.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is safe, agreeable and beneficial. It is the most elegant, and its effects are very lasting, making it the most economical of toilet preparations. By its use ladies can keep their hair abundant and natural in color, lustre, and texture.

Our Young Folks.

IN THE WOODS.

I FREQUENTLY spend a morning in the country, rambling alone in the melancholy woods, sometimes resting myself against the rough bark of some time-worn trees.

Sometimes lingering on the woody heights looking far over the surrounding world, and at others reclining listlessly by the brink of some clear brook, over whose rippling wave the branches meet, and form nature's choicest canopy.

Here I indulge my memory and imagination in a thousand devious wanderings.

I recall the distant shadows of departed time that have by degrees faded almost into oblivion, a thousand recollections, melancholy yet exquisitely touching, throng about my heart, and a thousand anticipations beckon me onward in the path I am pursuing through this wayward world.

At times I become so abstracted from the scenes around, as to forget where I am, and to lose almost the consciousness of being. I ruminate, I ponder, and I dream.

On one of these occasions, about the middle of the sultry month of August, when the dog-star rages, and all nature sinks into a sort of luxurious repose I had become somewhat tired with a ramble longer than usual, and laid myself listlessly along the margin of a little twittering stream that stole its winding way among the deep obscurities of the wood, diffusing coolness, and inviting repose.

As thus I lay, as quiet as the leaves that breathed not a whisper above me, and gradually sinking into almost unconsciousness of the world and all it holds—the little birds sported about careless of my presence, and the insects formed that turmoil, which seems never to cease, until winter lays her icy fetters on all nature, and drives them into their hiding places.

There is a lapse in the recollection of the current of my thoughts at that moment; a short period of forgetfulness, from which I was aroused by a hoarse croaking voice, exclaiming—

"Cruel, ungage monster, what does he here?"

I looked all around, and could see only a hawk seated on the limb of a dry tree, and eyeing me, as I fancied, with a peculiar expression of hostility.

In a few minutes I again relapsed into a profound reverie, from which I was awakened once more by a small squeaking whisper—

"I daresay the blood-thirsty villain has been setting traps for us."

I looked again, and at first could see nothing from which I supposed the voice could proceed, but at the same time I imagined I distinguished a sort of confused whisper, in which many little voices intermingled.

My curiosity was awakened, and peering about quietly, I found it proceeded from a collection of animals, birds, and insects, gathered together for some unaccountable purpose.

They seemed very much excited, and in a great passion about something, all talking at once.

Listening attentively, I could distinguish one from the other.

"Let us pounce upon the tyrant, and kill him in his sleep," cried an eagle, "for he grudges me a miserable little lamb now and then, though I don't require one above once a week.

"See' where he wounded me in the wing, so that I can hardly get an honest living by prey."

"Let me scratch his eyes out," screamed a hawk, "for he will not allow me poaching to carry off a chicken from his barn-yard, though I am dying of hunger and come up to-day to claim my natural, indefeasible rights."

"Aye, aye," barked a fox, "he interferes in the same base way with my privileges, though I visit his hen roost in the night that I may not disturb him."

"Agreed," said a great fat spider, who sat in his nest surrounded by the dead bodies of half a dozen insects.

"Agreed! for the savage takes delight in destroying the fruits of my honest labor on every occasion."

"By all means," buzzed a great blue-bottle fly, "for he will not eat me (tickle it is to see) a hot summer day, though he must see with half an eye that it gives me infinite satisfaction."

"Kill him," cried a little ant, who ran fuming and fretting about at a furious rate.

"Kill him without mercy, for he don't mind treading me into a thousand atoms, a bit more than you do killing a fly," he said, addressing himself to the spider.

"The less you say about that the better," whispered the spider.

"O! a fish!" exclaimed a beautiful trout, that I should very much like to have caught popping his head out of the brook.

"Odds fish!

"Kill the monster by all means hook him, I say, for he entices by worms and devours me to gratify his inhuman appetite."

"To be sure," said a worm, "kill him as he sleeps, and I'll eat him afterwards; for though I am acknowledged on all hands to be his brother, he oppresses me above on a hook, merely for his amusement."

"I consent," cooed the dove, "for he has deprived me of my beloved mate, and hence me a disconsolate widow."

Upon which she began to moan so piteously that the whole assembly deeply sympathized in her forlorn condition.

"He has committed a million of murders," cried the spider.

"He drowns all my kittens," mewed the cat.

"He tramples upon me without mercy," whispered the toad, "only because I'm no beauty."

"He is a treacherous, cunning villain," barked the fox.

"He has no more bowels than a wolf," screamed the hawk.

"He is the common enemy of all nature, and deserves a hundred and fifty thousand death," exclaimed they all with one voice.

"I'll bury my talons in his brain," said the eagle.

"I'll tear out his eyes," screamed the hawk.

"I'll whip him to death with my tail," barked the fox.

"I'll poison him," said the spider.

"I'll drown him, if he'll only come into the brook, so I will," quoth the trout.

"I'll drag him into my hole, and do his business there, I warrant," said the ant; and thereupon there was a giggle among the whole set.

"And I'll—I'll——" said the worm.

"What will you do, poor worm?" asked the rest in a titter.

"What will I do?

"Why, I'll eat him after he's dead," re- Mr. Worm.

And then he strutted about, until he unwarily came so near that he slipped into the brook, and was snapped up in a moment by the trout.

The example was contagious.

"Oh, ho!

"Are you for the sport," mewed the cat, and clawed the trout before he could get his head under water.

"Since 'tis the fashion," said the spider, "I'll have a crack at that same bluebottle."

And thereupon, he nabbed the poor fly in a twinkling.

"By your leave," said the toad, and snapt up the spider in less than no time.

"What a nice morsel for my poor fatherless little ones, cooed the dove, and pecking at the ant, was just flying away with it in quite a sentimental style, when the hawk, seeing this, screamed out—

"What a pretty plump dove for a dinner!

"Providence hath ordained I should eat her."

He was carrying her off when the eagle darted upon him, and soaring to his eyrie on the summit of an inaccessible rock, composedly made a meal of both the hawk and dove.

Then picking his teeth with his claws, he exclaimed with great complacency—

"What a glorious thing it is to be king of the birds!"

"Humph," exclaimed I, rubbing my eyes, for it seemed I had been asleep, "humph, a man is not so much worse than his neighbors after all."

And shaking off the spell that was over me, I bent my steps homewards, wondering why it was that it seemed as if all living things were created for the sole purpose of preying on each other.

The only solution which offered itself to my mind was, that the pleasure arising from eating, is much greater than pain of being eaten, and that this propensity to devouring each other, on the whole, conduces to the general happiness.

AT THE PICNIC.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

ADDIE HERON tossed her head in a pretty little way she had, and curled her red lip in a manner intended to convey her utmost indifference if not actual contempt.

"No, I do not think I shall go.

"I don't care very much for picnics anyhow."

Hattie Conyers, a tall stately girl with grave, straightforward dark eyes looked wonderingly at her.

"I thought you cared very much for picnics, Addie.

"I am sure you always seemed to enjoy yourself.

"Do go, it's such a lovely day."

"And Rich Lester will be there too, Addie," and dimple-cheeked little Pen Pennington looked saucily over the fence at Addie's slowly flushing cheeks.

"Rich Lester!

"As if I care a straw where he goes or whether he goes at all or not."

She flashed the words out angrily, yet with a certain coquettish suggestiveness in her tone that made Bertie laugh.

"Of course, we forget that a remarkably good-looking young gentleman is boarding with you, Addie.

"The superintendent of the repairs and alterations up at Mount Morris, isn't he?"

"Superintendent! Bertie, you're just too bad!

"Mr. Forsyth is no more the superintendent than you are——

She looked as I am sorry and frowning and flushing as ever could.

"Why, yes he is," retorted Pen vigorously, "for I saw him with my own eyes directing the gang of workmen at Mount Morris."

Addie nodded her head slowly, several times.

"That is perfectly true.

"Mr. Forsyth is not the workmen in the capacity of superintendent, when, really, he is the owner and master of Mount Morris himself—Mr. Morris."

A little duet of exclamations greeted her astonishing revelation.

"Mamma made the discovery," Addie went on, in suppressed excited tones, "and you mustn't whisper it for the world, for he would be so vexed if he thought it was known, but mamma discovered very accidentally that Mr. Morris preferred to oversee his own renovations, and so he came here as Mr. Forsyth. Isn't is charmingly romantic?"

"How did she find it out, Addie?" Pen asked, in awe-struck tones.

"By his linen, for one thing, every piece of which is marked in full, 'F. Morris,' and by other little incidents."

Bertie looked gravely at Addie's pretty flushed face.

"And you've quarrelled with Rich because you have another admirer who is worth more in houses or lands."

"I've broke our engagement because I'd rather be mistress of Mount Morris than a farmer's wife any day."

"It's just too bad," Pen Pennington cried.

"Rich Lester is worth a dozen of your high-toned aristocrats like Mr. Morris."

Addie smiled sneeringly.

"Of course, if you think so. Perhaps you can console him, Pen?"

"I will if I can," was the ready answer.

"Come, Bertie.

"If Addie's not going, let us be off ourselves."

"Won't you reconsider your decision?" Bertie asked pleasantly, as they hoisted their sunshades ready to start.

But Addie bowed in a queenly way she had affected of late.

"Thanks, no, I really don't care to go, besides, I am engaged for a drive this afternoon with Mr. Forsyth."

"It's just shameful in Addie," Pen exclaimed, when they were out of earshot.

"Well, she always was ambitious."

And nothing more was said about her until an hour or so later Rich Lester strolled up to Pen, sitting on the grass weaving wreaths.

"So Addie isn't here to-day," he remarked casually, as he threw himself beside her—a tall stalwart young fellow, with bright honest blue eyes, and a bonny face that had made many a girl—Pen included—not a little jealous of Addie Heron in the days before Mr. Forsyth came.

Pen went on weaving industriously.

"No.

"She couldn't come in consequence of a previous engagement. I suppose you miss her dreadfully?"

"Not at all.

"A month ago I should have missed her, but to-day—I would not turn my hand over to bring her here—nor any other girl who had jilted an honest man because he could not compete with another with more money."

There was a healthy contempt in his voice that made Pen feel that Addie Heron had been dethroned most effectually in at least this man's heart.

She swept him a charming sympathetic glance from her pretty grey eyes.

"I think you are a very sensible young gentleman not to go weeping about because one girl out of all the world proved herself unworthy your trust."

She spoke lightly, but somehow it seemed to stir Mr. Lester's interest very much.

"That sounds delightful.

"Pen, what would you advise me to do about it?"

"About 'it'—what?

"Addie?"

"Yes."

Another lovely glance and a slight dimpled laugh.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," she went on, resting her bright brown head to one side, like a bird, while she critically surveyed her wreath, "unless I revenged myself by engaging myself to the prettiest girl I know."

"A good idea.

"I wonder if the prettiest girl I know would say no?"

A delicious little laugh from Pen, as she jumped up, scattering the refuse grasses and leaves.

"There's only one way to find out, Mr. Lester."

"How is that?"

"Ask her."

And then Rich sprang up, a little pale eager look on his face, and caught Pen's hands in his.

"Will she say no?

"Pen, will you take what Addie Heron did not think good enough?

"If you will, I'll be thankful she had jilted me."

There was no gainsaying the earnestness of what he said, and Pen flushed and trembled and then laughed.

"Let go my hands, Rich—somebody will see us."

"They may see and welcome.

"I shan't let you go until you promise you will have me—until you tell me you love me, dear."

"But I won't."

"Then you can't go."

A saucy little dimpling of the crimson cheeks.

"Rich please let me go!

"I will say yes but I don't mean it a bit."

"I'll take the risk."

And then he leaned over and said something that made her cheeks crimson even deeper.

While at the self-same moment Mr. Forsyth, three miles off, asked Addie Heron if she would marry him.

"I said yes, of course, mamma," she said later, when she rehearsed the scene for Mrs. Heron's benefit.

"Of course you said yes.

"Addie, I think I have nothing left to wish for, now that I shall see you mistress of such a palatial home as Mount Morris.

"You have done splendid with yourself, my dear."

"And he never dreams we have discovered his charming little romance, mamma."

An hour or so afterwards the picnickers came home, and Addie Heron, from the piazza, watched them with a faint little sneer on her pretty face, that deepened into a positive mocking triumph when she saw Rich Lester and Pen Pennington going by in Farmer Hotwyn's wagonette—and thought that she would ride in her own carriage before long.

"I'll cut every one of them," she decided.

And then, something in Bertie Conyers's grave, haughty eyes, as she and a tall handsome young fellow dashed by in a lovely little phaeton, made her wonder at it.

She turned to Mr. Forsyth, who had been standing at the other end of the piazza idly looking out on the merry little cavalcade.

"Miss Bertie Conyers is with a strange gentleman—he seems to be acquainted with you, Frank.

"Who is he?"

Mr. Forsyth looked interestedly up.

"That?

"Oh—bless my soul, it is Mr. Morris!

"Why—what can have brought him so unexpectedly?"

Mr. Morris!

Then Mr. Frank Forsyth was nobody in disguise after all—then, all her very charming romance had not an atom of foundation!

Mr. Forsyth was only Mr. Forsyth, and she——

A sudden rush of rebellious tears clouded her eyes as she tried to realize it—she was not engaged to Morris of Mount Morris, who was riding with pretty, haughty Bertie Conyers, and apparently very much smitten for all he was a stranger—but to Mr. Morris's servant and overseer.

And Rich Lester and Pen looked so comfortable and cozy together—while she——

Poor Addie could hardly bring herself to believe it.

Was it true?

Was it true she had made such an awful mistake, blinded by her pride and ambition?

And in the midst of her self-tormenting thoughts she did not see the chagrin and alarm that was on her lover's face, or the uneasiness in his manner as he excused himself.

He left the place with a big board bill unpaid, not to mention a quantity of stolen under-linen he had borrowed from the Mount Morris wardrobe.

Poor Addie!

She had nobody but herself to blame, but all the same her worst enemy would have pitied her could they have seen her all forlorn and disconsolate, her face red and swelled with hours of crying, as she watched the double wedding procession of carriages, the day Rich Lester and Pen, and handsome young Frank Morris and Miss Conyers were married.

ALBANIAN MARRIAGES.—Albanian marriage arrangements are very peculiar.

When a damsel arrives at marriageable age, her parents publish the fact among their friends and acquaintances.

Should no suitor come forward, it rests with her brother to find one.

A brother thus circumstanced will sometimes come up to a male friend on the street and make the complimentary proposal then and there.

"You are just the man I wanted to see."

Thus goes the abrupt formula on these occasions.

"My sister is now fourteen years old: you must marry her."

As etiquette forbids a plump refusal, the gentleman thus honored gives a half acquiescence, and then hurries off to instruct some old lady to act as go-between.

Should he be satisfied with the report made, after due inquiry, by this adviser, the wedding is arranged; but not till the very last moment is the expectant bridegroom allowed to see his future spouse, and then it would be contrary to the prescriptions of society to draw back, however unprepossessing she might prove to be.

After the performance of the ceremony a very curious piece of etiquette comes into play.

Among the Asiatics and uncivilized people generally, it is the rule of the bride-elect to feign coyness; but among the Arnauts the bridegroom has to make this pretence.

After the marriage feast is over, and the newly made wife has withdrawn, her husband forgets behind and is subjected to a variety of rough usages by her relations.

Here, however, the subjection of the husband ends, and his reign commences. The wife is now subject to his caprices, and is expected to be subservient to his commands and wishes.

Can't Get It.

Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Urinary or Liver Complaints cannot be contracted by you or your family if Hop Bitters are used, and if you already have any of these diseases Hop Bitters is the only medicine that will positively cure you. Don't forget it, and don't get some pedled up stuff that only helps you.

TWO QUEENS.

BY J. H.

One is tall, and dark, and cold,
With a certain haughty stately grace,
Regally proud as a queen of old,
With her beautiful passionless face.

Like sun-kissed frost her diamond rings
Flash on her white hands in the dusk,
And round her costly drapery clings
The faint sweet scent of musk.

And in her shallow silent heart
No love leaps like a wildwood spring,
And when in song her red lips part,
Sweet soulless words they sing.

Around her mouth a slow smile creeps,
That never floats to laughter free—
A marble statue, fair and cold,
A queen of diamonds she.

The other is slender, small and fair,
Holding all of a woman's grace;
Shining brown is her bonnie hair,
And rosily bright her face.

Her only gems are her sparkling eyes;
And her busy hands, the livelong day,
Flit where the household labor lies—
Beautiful hands are they.

In the purple twilight, calm and still,
In the languid restful evening hours,
Her voice is as sweet as a woodland rill,
Full of the scent of flowers.

And she sings old songs of the bygone years,
Sweetly familiar to you and me,
Bringing laughter and bringing tears—
Oh, a queen of hearts is she.

A queen of diamonds your house will grace,
But so will a statue, my friend, you see;
So a loyal love, a tender face,
And a queen of hearts for me.

"THEY SAY."

IF I perish, my last thought but one shall be given to thee, my last to God," said Henry IV., when expecting a battle.

Fontenelle being told by a physician that coffee was a slow poison, replied: "Doctor, I have been of your opinion for the eighty years that I have taken it."

"A dying man can do nothing easy," murmured Franklin to his daughter, who advised him to change his position in bed, that he might breathe with more ease.

"Does thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No! only God Almighty makes painters!" said Sir Godfrey Kneller, declining to take his tailor's son as his pupil.

"It is ill arguing with the master of thirty legions," exclaimed Favorinus, yielding to Hadrian in a rhetorical argument, when he probably reminded him of his original opinion.

"My son is slain! But Christ still lives; let us on, my men!" cried Frederick Barbarossa, when the death of his son, who accompanied him on the crusade, was reported to him.

When asked by a lady if he did not fear the indiscretion of his secretaries, Pope Clement XIV. replied, pointing to the finger of his right hand: "No, madam, and yet I have three."

"Beauty is always queen," said Joseph II. of Germany, offering his arm at Versailles to Madame Dubarry, the mistress of the late King Louis XV., when she demurred at the honor.

Marshal Lannes said to a colonel who punished a young officer for cowardice in his first engagement: "Know, colonel, that no one but a poltroon will boast that he never was afraid."

"I learned to smoke in the king's service; he will not take offense at it," was Jean Bart's reply to the courtiers, who expressed their surprise at seeing him light his pipe in the waiting-room at Versailles.

"If you can engage people's pride, love, pity, ambition (or whatever is their prevailing passion), on your side, you need not fear what their reason can do against you," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son.

"Steanie, Steanie, those who live in glass houses, should be careful how they fling stones," remarked James I. of England to his favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, who complained of a mob breaking his glass-windows, which were then a luxury.

"Scrape on, gentlemen; but you will not scrape acquaintance with me," said the Emperor Hadrian to some soldiers in a bath, who were scraping themselves with a potsherd, in imitation of a man to whom the emperor had, the day before, given some money to buy a brush.

"You are now going to burn a goose; but in a century you will have a swan, whom you can neither roast nor boil," exclaimed John Huss, at the stake—"Huss" signifying "goose" in Bohemian, he referred to Martin Luther, who followed him a century later, and had a swan for his arms.

Alaric, King of the Visigoths, invaded Italy in 408, and advanced to Rome; and the citizens induced him to withdraw by the payment of five thousand pounds of gold and thirty thousand pounds of silver. When they complained of these terms, he said:

"The closer hay is pressed, the easier it is cut."

When the Prince of Conde and his brother were sent to the same prison by Mazarin, in 1650, they were asked what books they would like to have brought to them.

The Prince de Conde requested the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," by Thomas a Kempis.

Conde said he should prefer the imitation of the Duc de Beaufort, who had recently escaped from the Bastile.

Grains of Gold.

That you may be beloved, be amiable.

The mean man is sure to gloss his faults.

Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.

Do noble things—not dream them all day long.

One man's fault should be another man's lesson.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow.

Love depends on the loving, and not on the loved.

Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives.

Never give a promise that you do not intend to fulfill.

He is not poor that little hath, but he that much desires.

Be ashamed of misspent time and misdirected talents.

Do you feel angry, beware lest you become revengeful.

Occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

Suffering is the surest means of making us truthful to ourselves.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.

Souls are not saved in bundles. The Spirit asks of every man, how is it with thee?

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it.

We walk upon the verge of two worlds; at our feet lies the very grave that awaits us.

Intemperance in aims is the source of many of the life-failures which we constantly witness.

We ought not to judge of man's merits by his qualifications, but by the use he makes of them.

Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself.

Theoretical reformers begin their great work with others, but the practical reformer begins with himself.

The years write their records on human hearts as they do on trees, in inner circles of growth which no eye can see.

The chief use of education is to multiply motives for action—for, to have many faculties is to have many impulses.

Some spend a lifetime in picking flaws everywhere, but would give a world for a remnant of it when it is all frittered away.

The one doctrine in which all religions agree is, that new light is added to the mind in proportion as it uses that which it has.

Teach your children to say, "How do you do?" or "Good morning," to everybody they meet with whom they are acquainted.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no genius, no character, are required to set up in the grumbling business.

We should judge men by their actions rather than by their theories. A man's actions are the best interpreter of his thoughts and feelings.

As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that any more than the old church-steeple minds the rooks cawing about it.

Every Christian should be a man of courage and constancy, true to his convictions, and ever ready to stand up for the right in the face of every foe.

The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated; indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air.

It is very rare to find ground which produces nothing; if it is not covered with flowers, fruit-trees and grain, it produces briers and pines. It is the same with man—if he is not virtuous, he becomes vicious.

It is the great art of philosophy of life to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad—to bear the one with resignation and patience, and to enjoy the other with thankfulness and moderation.

The more deep and thorough our knowledge on any subject, the more humble is our estimate of that knowledge. We then see heights to which we have not attained, and depths which we have not fathomed.

Keep your religion sweet. A sour kind of piety, that is always finding fault with others, grumbling and growling because things are not different from what they are, is neither well pleasing to God nor profitable to man.

Femininities.

Wrinkles disfigure a woman less than ill-nature.

One act of charity is worth a century of eloquence.

English women are growing to look with favor on the tricycle.

Do not tack your bedroom carpets down, but take up and shake often.

Answer not a word when unjustly accused, and you are the conqueror.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wears clothes of the fashion of twenty-five years ago.

It is with men as with beauties—if they pass the flower they lie neglected forever.

The average life of French women is said to be thirteen years longer than that of French men.

A flirt is like a dipper attached to a hydrant: every one is at liberty to drink from it, but no one desires to carry it away.

Annie Louise Cary is not a woman suffragist. She writes: "I do not ask for a ballot, though very life were at stake."

All human beings must suffer pain and sorrow, but on woman do the evils incident to human existence fall with peculiar force.

A Hartford girl, 13 years old, being asked how far she was advanced at school, replied, that she was "in geography on the second floor."

The first colored woman to receive her diploma as a law student has just been graduated from the law school of the Howard University, in Washington.

Six months after marriage: "Weel, weel, Sandie, how d'ye like the little leddy?" "Ah, weel, Derry, I'll nae deny that she has fine conversational powers."

Said the girl who had quarreled with her lover: "Oh, it's all right! Harry said he would try to forget me, but he always fails in everything he undertakes."

Snooks says, when you pop the question, do it with a kind of a laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well; if she does not, say you were only in fun.

Jennie June says: "If the women would only dress more simply, the men might be tempted to get themselves up more picturesquely in knee breeches, slashed doublets, and such."

A Brooklyn Heights girl, disguised as a maid-servant, washed the sidewalk of her father's residence with the hose for the sake of getting a chance to turn the water on a dude who insisted upon making love to her.

A Western editor notes that Tallac, a summer resort, "is getting very toney, a lady who does not change her attire three times a day, is not regarded as correct." The Western editor's scornful comment is: "Must be mighty dirty!"

A gentleman whose wife was taken suddenly ill, hastened to a physician, who immediately responded, "What is the matter with her?" "I fear she has lock-jaw." "Lock-jaw! Well, say, doctor, let her run along that way a few hours."

Ah You is the prettiest Chinese girl ever brought to America. She was one of the wonders at San Francisco's Chinese quarter, and as such was pointed out to all tourists. One of these, an Englishman, has fallen in love with and married her.

Miss Jennie Marks, of Baltimore, won a sewing machine by making a guess at the number of pills in a bottle in a window. There were 25,100 pills in the bottle, and she guessed 25,100. There were over 5,000 guesses, and the worst one was a guess of 5,000,000.

Mr. Howell's, in the August Century, makes an editor who assists the heroine of "A Woman's Reason to earn something with her pen, say, apropos of working over her manuscript: "A woman can sometimes do something without damaging others; but when a *lady* undertakes to help herself, some man has to suffer for it."

Last winter a love-smitten young lady leaped into the turbid Missouri River with the intention of ending the farce right then and there, but the water was so cold that she got out as quickly as she could, preferring life to such a cold death. She warned her friends that she would finish the job as soon as the water got comfortably warm, and she did.

Miss Dora Kinney, of Wild Cat, Indiana, is the boss shepherdess of the Wabash. A few years ago her uncle gave her an orphaned lamb to raise by hand, which she did successfully, and, becoming so much interested in sheep husbandry, she procured a mate for the lamb, and she now sports a fold of twenty-eight old sheep and thirty-three lambs—sixty-one in all, all from the first starting pair.

There is at least one person who has solved the vexed question of female dress to his own satisfaction, and that is Mr. Richard A. Proctor. Stylelessness, it appears, is not in itself sufficient, nor is the divided skirt sufficient; but a combination of the two—that is to say, of a stayless waist, with "divided underskirts concealed, or very nearly concealed, by a light overskirt," is within measurable distance of perfection.

Augusta Sohike, once a famous danseuse, was relieved from want the other day in New York by the donations of some charitable persons. To a reporter who visited her she went over her history, and added: "Ah, it is bitter to recall those pleasant times, now that I am so poor and miserable. I can live on very little, I am a good housekeeper, and I always make my own and my child's clothing. If I could pay the landlord his rent and spend sixty cents on food every day I would be quite happy."

It is no uncommon thing for women to provide themselves with mourning suits when it is reasonably certain that some friend or relative is going to die soon; but it was left for an Iowa woman to announce publicly that she had bought one on the strength of the doctor's statement that her husband might not get over an attack of pleurisy with which he had been suffering for some time. She invited several of her neighbors in to see how it fit, and asked particularly if they thought it became her. And all this in the presence of the sick man. He began to mend at once.

News Notes.

A jet of steam will instantly clean a file.

"Pardon me!" is a favorite phrase of Gen. Butler's.

The Navajo Indians, in New Mexico, now grow sheep.

The Northern Pacific Railway has killed 1,000 Chinamen.

The hire of an Indian harvest hand in Nevada is $1 a day.

A Baltimore newsboy had twelve cents a year ago; now he has $250.

An Iowa tramp left the small-pox with a family who gave him his dinner.

Polka dot shirts have caused three cases of blood-poisoning at Cleveland.

Tobacco-tea will kill worms in flower-pots, and is also good for the plant.

Scatter fresh-cut grass instead of tea-leaves on the carpet before sweeping.

Dr. O. W. Holmes shaves himself, and has used one pair of razors fifty years.

When threading a needle hold it over something white; it will help the sight.

Put short quills at the corners of pillows and feather-beds; it gives good circulation.

Kerosene, judiciously used, is said to keep poultry houses clear of all kinds of vermin.

Scrub floors with an old broom and strong lye, a little at a time, then mop with warm water.

A woman wearing $500 worth of jewelry was sent to jail for drunkenness in Brooklyn the other day.

A law in force at Hot Springs, Ark., compels hotel and boarding-house drummers to wear badges.

A negro killed 1,049 rats in a single day at Clarksville, Tenn., recently, and won a prize thereby.

A soda-water fountain in a Brooklyn candy store exploded a few days ago and broke the proprietor's arm.

In an Egyptian town the people are furnished with drinking water that has already been used in washing corpses.

A farmer at Dutch Neck, N. J., has found a barrel of eggs in a hen's nest. He would not sell them, however.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts wore a single diamond worth $125,000 around her neck at a recent reception in London.

Cynthia Boardman, of Cleveland, has had eight other legal names, her succession of husbands reaching that number.

Photographs have recently been made of the vocal organs in action, by means of an electric light and laryngoscope.

A New York farmer swore a terrible oath the other day. At the same time lightning struck him senseless and burned his barn.

Blue, Green, and Gray are the names of men who transact business within a block of each other on a New York thoroughfare.

The goat is in danger of losing his main article of diet. A new industry is the collection of tin-cans for melting into window-weights.

The Russian town of Yekatermoslavsky-vitch, recently destroyed by a conflagration, is to be rebuilt on the old name, which was fireproof.

A man named Wilcox, in jail at Des Moines on a charge of murder, had a fit of insanity from joy on learning that the real murderer had been caught.

Consumption, Dr. Felix Oswald says, is more easily cured than any other chronic disease. He claims that all but the last stages of the disease can be subdued by out-door exercise.

Woodman, who represents himself as of Little Falls, Mass., is causing some wonder in London. His feat is to take a draught of water, and by blowing on a napkin set it on fire.

When severely bitten on the end of his finger by a rattlesnake, a boy at Wilmington, N. C., seized a hatchet and chopped off the injured member, maiming his hand, but saving his life.

The largest steamship in the world will hereafter be used as a collier, carrying Scotch coal from the Forth to the Thames. The Great Eastern can carry 22,000 tons of coal at each voyage.

The Chinese use firecrackers to frighten away evil spirits. The Indian medicine men also think to exorcise the evil spirit from a sick person by making a great din, and the same noisy remedy for disease is found in Africa.

A Louisville fortune-teller has retired from business. The seer told a customer that two women, giving their names, stole her missing money. The accused pounced down upon the astrologist and made him see more stars than are visible to the naked eye.

A genuine reform struck Salt Lake City recently in the shape of a circus at which the sale of lemonade and peanuts were not permitted. Ice-water was served gratis during the performances, and the local papers were eloquent in praise of the change.

Almada, Mich., has a reverend gentleman, Rev. F. I. Ferguson, who is pitcher for the local baseball club, but he had to get a substitute recently when a $25 prize was to be played for, as some of his congregation "kicked" against his pitching for that game.

CRAMPS, COLIC, CHOLERA MORBUS, SOUR Stomach, Diarrhœa and Dysentery, are speedily cured by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It removes all soreness of the Bowels, quiets the Stomach, and restores its natural action. As a family remedy for Disorders of the Bowels, so often prevalent among children and adults in the Summer months, it is especially recommended, being prompt in its operation, perfectly safe, and easily administered.

For His Sake.

BY WILSON RENNOR.

"JOHN'S out at work in the fields, or he would show you the way," said Mrs. Holden, gazing at her "summer boarder" with an anxious air.

"There's Milly; why shouldn't she make herself useful? Here, Milly, Milly," she shouted, "come and show the gentleman the way to the woods."

And Milly came forward accordingly.

A little modest wild-flower, shy and sweet, that was what she reminded him of, as she walked silently along beside him, her little feet tripping lightly through the grass, her soft cheeks flushing and paling alternately under his half-admiring, half-indifferent gaze.

He was an artist, and the child's unconscious grace and beauty pleased him; he was unhappy, irritable, sore at heart, and her shyness and timid silence soothed him.

He began to talk to her—much as one would try to win a child's liking, and little lonely Milly's liking was easily won.

They were quite friendly by the time the woods were reached, and she showed him a charming resting and reading-place under green leaves and trees.

"I found this place myself, when first I came," she said shyly.

"That was a year ago, when my dear father died. I was so unhappy that I wanted to be alone, and this was the place to which I came to cry and pray.

"I never thought of anyone else here. But you," she raised her sweet, candid, innocent eyes to his, "you are unhappy too I fear, so I bring you here."

Undoubtedly she soothed and pleased him.

Only a month ago he had cursed all women; sworn to avoid the sex, because one had wounded him; but this fair simple child, not seventeen—no woman yet, surely—he could not deny himself the pleasure of her innocent sympathy; so he absolved himself from his misanthropic vows, in her regard at least.

She told him all her sorrowful simple story—of early orphanage, which had placed her under her uncle Holden's care—of her loneliness, her dead father's love, her grief at losing him, her lack of sympathy with these rough country people, her longing for companionship and love; and presently she questioned him of his own trouble—which her gentle eyes were so quick to discern—and he, usually so reticent and proud, revealing to this innocent girl his wound of disappointed love and injured pride, felt as if some portion of its sting were taken from his heart, and never paused to think or fear that it might enter hers.

Yet so it was.

In teaching her how fondly, vainly he had loved another, he taught her first to pity him then to love.

He had not wished it—had not thought of it, but so it was.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as by want of heart."

The sweetest—and too often the saddest—lesson of a woman's life, came to Milly Done that summer in the quiet woods—under green leaves.

Life grew bright to her, her heart was fed and at rest, the earth seemed heaven.

Always quiet, but no longer sad, her sweet voice would rise like a young bird's song as she went about her household tasks.

Mrs. Holden never questioned why?

She was a practical woman.

She argued that the girl was young, and had outlived her sorrow.

"She laughs at Ralph Green, when he courts her now, where before she used to cry or go away," she said to her husband, and that was all they understood.

Every day or evening when her work was done, the girl would disappear—but that was nothing.

They had always known her to be fond of solitude.

She was away in the woods most likely, with her books, studying under the shade of the trees she loved—they never asked what lesson she was learning under green leaves.

Neither did Horace Lester.

The girl interested him, pleased him, soothed him—loved him, but he never guessed the last until he saw her suddenly grow deathly pale, and tears spring to her eyes when he spoke of parting.

"Part," she said, while sudden terror made her bosom heave, and her large blue eyes grow wet and dark.

"Part! You will go away! I shall see you no more.

"Oh, how can I live."

And then the passion of her sorrow choked her voice, she stood like one aghast before an inconceivable calamity.

"How could she live?" that was the question in her soul. How could she live without him?"

She was beautiful, innocent, good, and she loved him with the first pure all-absorbing passion of a virgin soul.

The revelation, while it startled him, flattered and charmed him too.

He himself had not been able to think of losing her without a pang.

After all "man was not made to live alone," and he must marry some day—why not this lovely, loving girl?

"And do you really love me, Milly?" he asked her, as she sobbed wildly within his arms.

Alas, how little need there was to question it!

So when he went away it was with the promise of a sure return.

"Before the leaves are green again I will come and claim you," he promised.

She told no one.

Her love was too sacred a thing for speech.

But all through the autumn, when the leaves were brown—and all through the winter, when the boughs were bare—Hope sang ever in her heart those words—

"Before the leaves are green again I will come—before the leaves are green."

He had not written to her.

He was not sufficiently in love with her to desire the correspondence (like most men, he hated letter writing,) and she, however much she longed to hear from him, was too timid, too inexperienced, too thankful in the assurance of his affection and the hope of his return, to exact from him more than he volunteered to give; so there were no letters.

Not even a line, when the winter was past, to tell her of his coming.

March had come, with its keen winds scattering the seeds; she had been many times in the woods, and had found out the first shy violets, and seen the tiny buds peeping out on the boughs; her heart thrilled at the sight of them.

"Oh, when the trees are green!" she thought.

"How happy I have been, and shall be again, under the green leaves."

May found them green enough, but still he came not—June and July passed without him.

Then she began to droop.

He was not false: he had not deceived her—she never thought of falsehood or treachery in her hero.

But the leaves were green, and were fading again: it must be that he had died.

Died, as her mother had, in giving her birth; as her father had more recently.

Was she fated to lose all those whom she loved?

She began to long for death.

Oh, that he would come and claim her also, and reunite her to her loved ones!

Sometimes Death comes when he is called, although not often; but he came to Milly.

The doctor said it was a cold that she had caught from sitting in the damp woods long after summer was past; and that it had settled on her lungs, and as she was not very strong, would go hard with her.

She faded day by day.

Not a murmur however, and she told her sorrow to none.

He had died; she thanked Heaven that she was going to find him.

One day a journal, chiefly devoted to art matters, found its way by some odd coincidence, to the farmhouse and her hands—it undeceived and killed her.

He was not dead, she read.

He was successful, prosperous, happy, and on the eve of marriage.

She recognized the name of his old love, who had so wounded him; ah, that wound had passed from his heart to hers indeed, and proved a death wound.

She wrote to him—

"Let me see you just once more before I die!"

And Heaven was merciful, for the letter reached him, and he came.

Came, full of penitence and grief.

Too late now for any penitence to save her.

And—

"Penitent for what she asked him.

"It was not your fault that your first love was the true one—you would have loved me, had she not come back. Since you love her, it is best so for your happiness, beloved, and I shall be happy too in heaven.

"Only"—she clung to him in one last wild uncontrollable regret—"only do not marry her till I am gone. Let her not sleep upon your bosom, dear, till I sleep under the green leaves."

She slept there very soon.

Horace Lester wrote all the sad story to his betrothed, and she of her own will postponed the marriage, and even offered to set him free "for Milly's sake;" but Milly smiled and sighed at that.

"Tell her that I shall soon be out of the way," she said, "and that I send her, for your sake, my love and my thanks.

"It is to her that Heaven has given charge of your happiness, not to me."

But no one could make Horace Lester happy, with that memory of the evil which his thoughtlessness had wrought ever embittering his life.

Happily married—successful, prosperous, envied by many—still in his secret heart regret will linger and remorse will sting at the thought of the innocent loving heart that loved him but too well; at the remembrance of the girl who—instead of being today a happy cherished wife and mother in a peaceful home—sleeps, for his sake, in her cold and narrow bed under green leaves.

THE sick man's face became suddenly illumined with heavenly radiance; an unwonted light beamed from his eyes, and he moved his lips as if he would speak. His tearful wife bent down her ear to hear the last words that should pass those lips which were so soon to be stilled forever. In a faint whisper, but yet full of joy and peace and hope, the dying man murmured, "I die happy; I shall escape house-cleaning this Spring!" Then all was still. His spirit had fled.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Facetiæ.

"I'll be shot if I stay!" as the partridge said to the double-barreled gun.

When is a candle likely to be angry? When it's put out.

"You are setting us a bad example," as the algebra class said when the teacher wrote a hard equation on the board.

An Arkansas editor says that the stingiest man in his town talks through his nose to save the wear and tear on his false teeth.

A health journal says that you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for dinner. It is well also to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

HEART DISEASE in all its forms cured by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. by druggists.

Surprised eyebrows are among the new fashions. They are very becoming to a maiden when she suddenly hears that the ice cream has given out.

WHEN the doctors can't cure your Heart Disease, try Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Sold by druggists.

Professor: "If you attempt to squeeze any solid body, it will always resist pressure." Class smiles, and cites examples of exceptions which prove the rule.

ENTERPRISING local Agents wanted in this town for an article that is sure to sell. live druggists and grocers preferred. Address Hamilton Food Preservative Co., 72 Kilby Street, Boston.

A Dog and his Tail fell into a dispute as to which should wag the other. An itinerant Wasp, passing that way, casually remarked: "Speaking of Tails reminds me that I possess one which may possibly be influential enough to wag you both." This fable teaches that ten cents' worth of dynamite is a bigger man than a church-steeple.

Generals Beauregard and Early.

A card signed by the above is going the rounds of the press. One statement in it strikes the reader as very peculiar, namely: "That in managing a single number drawing, if the Commissioners of such a lottery allows a ticket-holder the privilege of calling out the number on his ticket and have the tag or ballot with a corresponding number on it shown him in the presence of the audience and then placed in the wheel, such lottery company resorting to such practice proves itself to be a fraud." This statement is untrue and unworthy of such gentlemen. Will these Generals please say how single number lottery companies swindle: is it not by simply having all tags or ballots with numbers on them corresponding to the numbers of the tickets they have sold, not placed in the wheel at all; thus if a man buys a ticket with number 55 on it, the tag or ballot with 55 on it is kept out of the wheel, so, of course, the ticket-holder is bound to draw a blank, because his number is not represented in the wheel at all, but suppose the holder of the ticket asks to see the tag with 55 on it, placed in the wheel, and he sees it done, he knows then his ticket has a chance to draw a prize. This certainly is the only fair test of an honest drawing. Should the ticket-holder not be there in person, he could write to some one, asking them to call out his number and see it go in the wheel. These Generals were brave soldiers, and no doubt are honest in THEIR lottery work, but they certainly are not posted as to what constitutes an honest lottery drawing, and their statement shows their ignorance.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 108 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

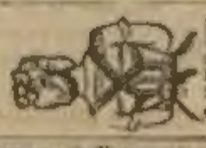
THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

AYER'S
Ague Cure
IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organina Co., Philada., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS MAKE
NO ENGAGEMENTS
Until you have seen our New Book
Battles for the Union
Sells on sight. FIRESIDE PUB. CO., P. O. Box 43. Philadelphia, Pa.


Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

260 Per cent. profit to Agents. Electric Cleanser will extract grease spots from silks, carpets, clothing, etc. Samples, 25c. Circulars free. H. Gamble, 912 (1 K) Arch St., Philada., Pa.

Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

HEALTH---BEAUTY.

Strong, Pure and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clear Skin and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL
Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.
Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

THE SKIN,

After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
CURES AND PREVENTS
Summer Complaint,
Diarrhœa, Dysentery,
Cholera Morbus.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

—ALSO—

Inflammations,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,
Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA
CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.
Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS,
(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient. Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Manteno, Ill., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

N. C. H.

Echo, Tenn., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. A. B.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

O. P. D.

New Castle, Ala., July 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

Y. E. M.

Middleway, W. Va., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

A. C. H.

Kingsclear, Canada, July 20, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

G. A. H.

Conyers, Ga., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

W. J. L.

Mason, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

H. A. A.

Morning Sun, O., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. K.

Ford River, Mich., July 23, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. G. D.

Anna, Ill., July 19, 83,

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. E.

Elizabeth, N. J., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. J. M. P.

Saybrook, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

E. E. C.

Cambellsport, Wis., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

L. H.

Williamston, N. C., July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

L. L. P.

Lewisburg, Neb., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

S. H. J.

West Lafayette, O., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

R. S. S.

Stevenson, Ala., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. G. C.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

AN Indian myth relates that the moon is the sun's sister, an aged, pale-faced woman, who in kindness led her to her brother two of the tribe who had sprung through a chasm in the sky to the pleasant moonlit land. In Australian myth, the moon's motions are explained as the chase of a jealous husband, one of the bright stars, who found the inconstant in the act of eloping with the moon. Among the Bushmen, the moon has incurred the sun's anger and is hacked smaller and smaller by him, till, begging for mercy, a respite is given. But as soon as he grows larger the sun hacks him again. In Slavonic myth the sun cleaves him through, for loving the morning star. The Indians of the far west say that, when the moon is full, evil spirits begin nibbling at it, and eat a portion every night till it is all gone; then a great spirit makes a new moon, and, weary with his toil, falls asleep, when the bad spirits renew their attack. Another not uncommon group of myths is that which speaks of sun and moon as borne across the heavens on the backs of ancestors, as in Greek myth Atlas supports the world.

But a still larger and more widespread body of myth has its source in the patches on the moon's face. In the Samoan Islands these are said to be a woman, a child, and a mallet. A woman was once hammering out paper-cloth, and seeing the moon rise, looking like a great bread-fruit she asked it to come down and let her child eat a piece of it. But the moon was very angry at the idea of being eaten, and gobbled up the woman, child, and mallet, and there they are to this day. The Selish Indians in North-western America say that the little wolf was in love with the toad, and pursued her one moonlight night, till, as a last chance, she made a desperate spring to the face of the moon, and there she is still. In Greenland myth, the moon was in love with his sister and stole in the dark to caress her. She, wishing to find out who her lover was, blackened her hands so that the marks might be left on him, which accounts for the spots. The Khasias of the Himalaya say that the moon falls in love every month with his mother-in-law who, like a well-conducted matron, throws ashes in his face.

Comparing these with our familiar myths we have our own Man in the Moon, who is said to be the culprit found by Moses gathering sticks on the Sabbath, although his place of banishment is a popular addition to the Scripture narrative. According to the German legend he was a scoffer who did the same heinous offence on a Sunday, and was given the alternative of being scorched in the sun or frozen in the moon. The Frisians say that he stole cabbages, the load of which he bears on his back. In Icelandic myth the two children familiar to us as Jack and Jill were kidnapped by the moon, and there they stand to this day with bucket on pole across their shoulders, falling away one after the other as the moon wanes,—a phase described in the couplet:

"Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

One author contends that Jack and Jill are the Hjuki and Bil of the Edda, and signify the waxing and waning of the moon, their bucket indicating the dependence of rainfall on her phases,—a superstition extant among us yet.

HAPPINESS.—We wish above all to be happy. Does he who embraces the highest cause, for what it brings, attain happiness? No, not so long as there exists in the motive which animates him the slightest alloy of selfishness. In the pure gold of God's furnace there is no trace of it. The fruit of happiness comes only of that which dies to itself. I have seen those who in disappointment and misfortune have entered the path of sacrifice and devotion to some great principle, when in the very desire to forget self, selfishness was supreme. Set happiness before you as an end, no matter in what guise of wealth, or fame, or oblivion even,—you will not attain it. Renounce it, seek the pleasure of God, and that instant is the birth of your own. But I have seen men seek the pleasure of God as they seek that of kings.—HARDY.

People who live remote from the seashore can make a good artificial clam by rolling a piece of soap in sand and ashes, and eating it when it is about half cool. This is rather better than the real clam, but it will give the inlanders an approximate idea of the luxury.

GLOVE contests are no unknown to the fair sex. Did you ever see a young lady putting on a tight pair of kids while the late bell is ringing for church Sunday morning?

$200 A YEAR CAN BE SAVED In the Living Expenses of the Family

by the use of REX MAGNUS, The Humiston Food Preservative. It preserves Meat, Fish, Milk, Cream, Eggs, and all kinds of Animal Food fresh and sweet for weeks, even in the hottest weather. This can be proved by the testimonials of hundreds who have tried it. You can prove it for yourself for 50 cents. You will find that this is an article which will save you a great deal of money.

NO SOURED MILK.
NO SPOILED MEAT.
NO STALE EGGS.

It will keep them fresh and sweet for many days, and does not impart the slightest foreign taste to the articles treated. It is so simple in operation that a child can follow the directions, *is as harmless as salt*, and costs only a fraction of a cent to a pound of meat, fish, butter or cheese, or to a quart of milk. This is no humbug; it is endorsed by such men as Prof. Samuel W. Johnson, of Yale College. Sold by druggists and grocers. Sample pounds sent pre-paid by mail or express (as we prefer) on receipt of price. Name your express office. Vianline brand for meat; Ocean Wave for fish and sea food; Snow Flake for Milk, Butter and Cheese; Anti-Ferment; Anti-Fly; and Anti-Mold, 50c. per lb. each. Pearl for cream, Queen for eggs, and Aqua-Vitae for fluid extracts, $1. per lb. each.

THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVING CO.,
72 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT
THE ONLY CURE FOR ITCHING PILES

Symptoms and Cure.

The symptoms are, moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue, very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents; three boxes, $1.25. (In stamps). Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices.

Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.

COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market St., Philada.

Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE!

We send free on 30 days' trial **Dr. Dye's Electro-Voltaic Belts** and **other Electric Appliances TO MEN** suffering from **Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality,** and **Kindred Troubles.** Also for **Rheumatism, Liver** and **Kidney Troubles,** and **many other diseases.** Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated pamphlets free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

NOW READY—The **Phonographic Dictionary.** By Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. Price, $2.50. Send for specimen sheets. Sold by all booksellers, or address Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum Ct.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Fresh Meat all the Year!

Eggs kept fresh all the Year. Butter kept sweet all the year. Rancid Butter restored to its original sweetness, at the cost of one dollar per year.

NO ICE! NO ICE-BOX! NO SALT!

Nothing deleterious to health, and so simple that a child of eight can do it. For particulars and testimonials send to

GEO. HOLCATE & CO.,
1502 So. Juniper St., Philadelphia, Pa.

John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

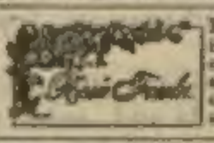
JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.

We have the largest retail stock in the United States.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.



Bevel Edge Cards, designs for 1884, 10c. for 50 Chromo Cards with name on; Latest yet. Agents say, "Your cards sell best." Large Sample Book and full outfit 10c. Quickest return. Give us a trial order. Clinton & Co. North Haven, Ct.

Splendid 150 Latest Style Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven Ct.

PATENT MEDICINES—Send for Prices. William T. TOTTEN, 672 N. Tenth St., Phila., Pa.

TO CONQUER THAT

BLUE DEVIL DISEASE

Use the Only Homeopathic Remedy

ENGELMAN'S
E N G E L M A N ' S

Thirty Powders, TEN DAYS TREATMENT. PRICE, - $1.00.

Your Powders give early relief and, in my case, a permanent cure. MAJOR JOS. ANTHONY, Gen'l Sup't Lykens Valley Coal Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

I have used your Dyspepsia Powders with marvelous success, and rejoice in the knowledge that the most horrible of all diseases can be cured. You are at liberty to refer to Yours respectfully, JAS. S. STACKHOUSE, Ticket Receiver P. R. R. Co., Broad St. Station, Philada.

Mailed to any Address on Receipt of Price.

DYSPEPSIA

The trouble is no longer the want of sleep, but the want of time to sleep, and no more confused, but pleasant, dreams. A. H. STONER, Harrisburg, Pa.

Your Powders have cured me, after trying many other remedies. ROBERT D. MILLER, Harrisburg, Pa.

RETAIL DRUGGISTS SUPPLIED BY JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO. 609 Arch St., Philadelphia.

POWDERS.

The Yokohama Tea Store, O'Neill Bros. & Co. Port Huron, Michigan.

DEAR SIR:—Could get no relief from physicians or Pepsin. The action of your Powders is something wonderful. Yours truly, P. J. O'NEILL.

TEMPLE OF PHARMACY, No. 820 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Orders by mail. Address, FRANK E. ENGELMAN, 1839 Seybert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THERE is a great rage for blouses abroad this summer. Of course, we mean to say that there is a fancy for them for simple country dresses.

They naturally would not be thought of for any dressy costume.

Every one knows that nothing is cooler or more thoroughly comfortable in hot weather than a blouse, and when you add to these blouses a plain plaited skirt of the material, simply trimmed with a broad band of velvet or of showy colored embroidery around the edge, which trimming matches the belt and the cuffs and collar of the blouse, you have an ideal costume for seaside and country place, as regards ease, at least.

But we are by no means prepared to say that this style of dress is only commendable in so far as ease is concerned.

It is quite possible to make it very pretty as well.

In any event it is apt to be becoming to most young women. The materials usually used in this way are lawns, linens, veilings and even surahs upon occasion. A very novel, and, at the first blush.

Rather startling style of embroidery, consisting of applications of bright red velvet on dark blue linen, is largely employed for the trimming.

In these cases a red Russia leather belt is added with considerable effect.

Among other "hautes nouveautes" for the morning at the seaside are costumes of red cambric—Turkey red—trimmed with wide and narrow white braid.

These dresses are made much after the same fashion as that we have just mentioned.

They are completed by a red sunshade and fan, and by a large "capeline," or sun hat of a pronounced poke shape, covered with quillings of white lace or embroidery and lined with red, while a knot of red velvet ribbon falls from the back, and another large knot of the same adorns the front, a bunch of cherries, strawberries, poppies or peonies being possibly added. A few years since how flaring such a costume would have been thought, to say nothing more!

But whole dresses of red have become so familiar to us now that they scarcely strike us as brilliant even.

As many costumes of red veiling or cashmere are to be seen at present at the seashore, in the mountains and at watering-places as was the case last year.

The chief trimming for them, and by all odds the most effective, still remains Irish point embroidery.

An addition from last year very frequently met with consists of ends and bows of red ribbon thrown on the dress here and there.

It is hard, indeed, to find the dress which is not bestrewn with more or less ribbon just now.

We have it in flowing knots, in rosettes, in bands wide and narrow, sewn flat as a trimming.

For this last purpose velvet ribbon is of course always used; for bows and ends ottoman ribbon is the most "correct;" satin ribbon is not so new, though much employed also.

The usual width of ribbon for the bows and ends which lighten up wash dresses, veiling, etc., is from three and a half to four inches; occasionally it is five inches, but then the knots are more sparsely disposed over the toilet.

As small details are frequently of value to those who make and trim their own dresses, we will remark, for the benefit of such as may come under this head, that when while muslins, nainsooks, etc., are made with a basque, the ribbon is rarely carried about the waist to form a belt.

The newer way is to have it start from the front side seams and tie a loose knot on the front of the skirt, just beneath the basque.

The various fashionable red shades bordering on copper and orange—notably the latter—are the colors most seen in ribbons used on white dresses.

Lavender has rather a success for the same purpose, and then come the fashionable shades of pink, some "crushed strawberry" included, though that tint is moribund.

Blue are just a little in the shade this season.

Having spoken just now of ladies who make their own dresses, an extremely clever case of "making over" recently witnessed is recalled to our mind.

The costume copied came from a very well-known and fashionable New York house, and, as a combination of any two materials already used in an evening dress would make it, we shall describe the toilet.

In its original shape it was of cream-white satin, brocaded with colored flowers and plain white merveilleux.

The skirt was of the merveilleux, short, and trimmed with two narrow side-plaitings, above which was set a ruche of the sort called "feuille de vigne," or "vine-leaf."

These ruches are arranged in little clusters, cut out in five sharp points to look like a leaf from a grapevine, and made to lie sideways against the skirt, little flat spaces being left between.

Over this merveilleux skirt was draped a brocade overdress, which was drawn up in a loose panier on the right side and fell in a long, sharp point on the left.

Neither the point nor the panier started from the middle of the skirt, but from a little toward the sides; they were drawn together half-way down, however, by a knot of white satin ribbon.

The back drapery was an intricate ladder of puffings, and all of the merveilleux. A sharp-peaked brocade bodice completed the costume, and this was cut away in a round "decollete," the top part being supplied by some white "mousseline de soie" with accompanying sleeves, which ended with a frill of lace, as did the chemisette itself, around the throat.

The fabrics used to copy this very "chic" little toilet were far less rich than those of the original, being simply pale pink surah and flowered. China silk with a cream ground, both having already done some duty combined with other things and in another form.

The entire skirt and the back drapery were made of surah.

The overdress drapings were of the China silk, as was the waist.

Bunches of pink satin ribbon were set against the left side, where the panier was joined to the back drapery, and in front. The result was was a very pretty little costume, extremely useful for afternoons and evenings during the summer, and quite showy.

Very many evening dresses could thus be converted into charming summer dresses were a little ingenuity brought into play. It is very certain that the hair is going up.

At least the coil is being raised slowly but surely off the nape of the neck, abroad and here.

The head, however, is still kept very small, there being as yet no tendency to pile upon it senseless excrescences of puffs and braids, which only destroy its contours.

Every one who can by any possibility do without false hair still relies upon her natural supply.

Bangs and curled front locks are growing more and more modest in quantity. Indeed, we have already had occasion to state that many ladies, and those among the nicest people, do without such things altogether, simply parting the hair and drawing it loosely back from the face, allowing it to curve in a few natural ripples at the temples.

The parting is dispensed with at times also, and the hair brushed back strictly "a la Chinoise."

But this is so trying to the average face that it is not a fashion to be indiscriminately adopted.

As for the back hair, once it has been combed loosely up from the neck, it is disposed in a soft knot or two. The whole thing looks very simple.

Everything hard, stereotyped or conventional is avoided.

A few short locks are cut at the back of the neck and curled loosely, thus softening the appearance of the whole. A little flat comb of light tortoise-shell can be set in the knot high at the back of the head, or a flower put on the left side, or a rosette of ribbon. All this is done more in Europe, however, than here just now. Young ladies especially are very chary with us of ornaments for their hair at present.

Fireside Chat.

COSY BED-ROOMS.

EMBROIDERY may be used in the bedroom on bed hangings, bed spreads, covers for bureaus or wash-stands, sash curtains, bookcase curtains, and for splashers back of the washstand.

Bed spreads may be embroidered elaborately on India silk with years of work in them, and they may be embroidered simply on heavy, linen sheeting.

These bed covers may be washed almost as easily as a linen sheet, and are suitable for people of moderate means and fit for actual use.

At present, bedspreads are made long enough to come up over the low pillows, covering them completely, thus doing away with the use of pillow shams, which were always an offense.

Bed spreads are now woven with colored lines and borders for those who wish color but cannot have the embroidery.

Chintz is pretty, cheap and suitable for many a simple bedroom. If embroidery is used for bed cover or bed hangings it must harmonize with that used in other parts of the room, with the embroideries on the bureau or about the wash-stand.

A window-box in summer outside the window is little care, and adds not only cheerfulness to the bedroom, but is an ornament to the outside of the house, and a pleasure to the passer-by.

Let there be a table or desk large enough to write or work at.

The table or desk may or may not be ornamented, but it should be large enough to be comfortable, and a homely table covered with books and writing materials has a homelike look that is better than ornament for it means use.

It is not hospitable to compel a guest to write his letters home on an unsteady writing-case resting on the knee with a spring inkstand placed insecurely on the window-ledge.

Let there be a table or desk, with penholder, pens and inkstands freshly filled. A moderate supply of paper and envelopes may also prove not a useless courtesy.

I have gratefully in mind one hostess, who, besides the needful writing materials, vase of flowers, and pleasant book, remembers always to put in the guest's room a small work-basket with needful sewing materials and a button hook.

This is really luxury when home comfort holds fast to home art.

I have said nothing of chairs. There should be one large and strong enough for any man's comfort, and one low enough for a child.

They may be what you please, if strong and unpretentious. The old-fashioned rush bottom chairs are good for common use in bedrooms, but let them be made comfortable with cushions covered with chintz, matching in color the bed and bureau ornamentation.

A screen is very useful in a good sized bedroom.

It may hide the bed by day, making it more like a sitting-room. It may screen off a portion as a dressing-room. It is picturesque wherever you put it, and can be folded and placed behind the door at night if you wish.

As for the wall of your room, do not think you must cover them at once with something. Wait till you can buy a picture you know is beautiful.

One can always go without, but to face a poor thing daily and be sorry you bought it, is hard.

EMERGENCIES.

There should be in in every home the following supplies of medicines which will be found very useful in emergencies:

Cotton bandages, from one to two inches wide, rolled tightly, like ribbon or tape, but without any block inside; old soft linen (handkerchiefs), old cotton, lint, surgeon's plaster, and a clean, fine sponge; Epson salts (dose, one tablespoonful in water), lime-water, magnesia, aromatic spirits of ammonia (dose, 30 drops to a teaspoonful in a wine-glassful of water), brandy and sweet-oil.

Have these and all other medicines well corked, plainly labeled and accessible. As a rule, medicines compounded from physician's prescriptions should not be allowed to accumulate, nor remain very long on hand.

It is better to throw them away, and if they are required again, get the medicine freshly compounded. Every package of poison should be very plainly labeled, and have attached to it a package of an antidote. If poisons are put in bottles with a few pins thrust through the corks from the under side, with points projecting, danger of their being mistaken for other bottles in the night is avoided.

Slight cuts should be allowed to bleed for half a minute, then dip in cold water, or apply ice, till the bleeding has nearly ceased. A little alum or tannic acid in solution will stop troublesome bleeding promptly, but should not be used if veins of considerable size have been cut.

Be sure that no fragments of glass, wood, etc., are left in the wound; draw the edges closely together with surgeon's plaster or sticking plaster, and bandage if necessary. Care in drawing the wound together will sometimes save a bad scar.

Nose-B'eed.—A moderate nose-bleed may be beneficial, and give relief from headache. If profuse or long-continued keep the head erect, and put ice or cold water on the bridge of the nose and nape of the neck. A linen rag stuffed into each nostril will be helpful. The clothing should be loose around the neck.

Bleeding from the Lungs.—The blood is frothy and small in quantity. Give small pieces of ice to be swallowed whole. Keep the head and shoulders raised.

Bleeding from the Stomach.—The blood comes in larger quantity than from the lungs, and is vomited up. Put a mustard-plaster over the stomach, and give cracked ice as above.

Hard substances in the ear should not be meddled with, but left for the doctor to remove.

JUDGE RITCHIE, of Frederick, M., has fifteen beautiful, accomplished and unmarried daughters.

Correspondence.

A. H. W., (Polk, O.)—We think the idea a good one.

M. W. B., (Winchester, Pa.)—Bachelor of Law and Logic—an academic degree.

FLORIE, (Logan, W. Va.)—They are considered very pretty indeed, if lighted up with intelligence.

M., (St. Louis, Mo.)—It is very wrong for you to act in such a mean way toward your gentleman friend.

AGNES, (New Haven, Conn.)—If you have such an excellent opportunity, we advise you to accept the offer.

MR. S. E., (Wanshard, Wis.) — The proper spelling of the name is Ernest, pronounced as it is spelled. Germans spell the name Ernst. Bertha is spelled the same, but pronounced by Germans Ber-ta.

SUB., (Sheverson, Ala.)—No; because the ball derives additional speed from the force with which it is projected into the air. When that force is expended, it descends at a speed proportioned to its own weight.

WILLIAM, (Mason, Ill.)—Red faces are constitutional to some people, but in many cases they are caused by exposure to the air, the eating of too much butcher's meat, and the use of too much malt or spirituous liquors.

B. E. K., (Phila., Pa.)—Your father is acting rightly. A young man who has engaged himself to become your husband has no business to be escorting other ladies about. He may have no bad motives, and have acted unthinkingly, but he should amply satisfy your father on that point.

T. E. M., (Toland, Conn.)—There is no question of luck in the case. But some persons of severe notions on such subjects might think that the borrowing of a bridal wreath and veil was an indication of an unfortunate character on the part of the bride. They might think that if a girl couldn't get such articles of her own, it would be better for her to be married without them.

S. R. R., (Denver, Col.)—You are probably self-conscious and bashful. There are many books on etiquette and social life, which you may find in any book-store. Your principal difficulty, however, can only be overcome by constant association with others. Go into company as much as possible and endeavor to forget yourself in conversation. Trifling errors are made by all.

F. B. T., (Chicago, Ill.) — He could learn the rudiments of grammar more readily at school than he could by himself. But some correct speakers and writers never studied grammar at school at all. Should you study by yourself, read the best authors and note how they write, and make a practice of conversing with people who speak correctly; you could become a good grammarian.

S. W. T., (Crescent City, Cal.)—Remain with your husband by all means. It is probable that your husband loves you more than before marriage, but familiarity and habit blind him to his own real affections. Strive to revive his interest by making your home bright and attractive. Variety is the spice of life, and innocent variety of home pleasures is the surest guarantee of domestic happiness and love.

IDA F., (Castleberry.)—Use the following hair wash:—Take one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor; powder these ingredients fine, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water; when cool, the solution will be ready for use; damp the hair frequently. This wash effectually cleanses, beautifies, and strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents early baldness. The camphor will form into lumps after being dissolved, but the water will be sufficiently impregnated.

T. S. H., (Summerville, Pa.)—The custom of sending valentines on the 14th of February is a very ancient one, and its origin not definitely known. St. Valentine is said to have been a bishop, who was beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Claudius (A. D. 270) and afterwards canonized. One authority says that he was a man famous for his love and charity, and the custom of choosing valentines upon his festival took its rise from thence. Others derive the custom from birds being supposed to select their mates on that day.

L. M. M., (Wheeling, Va.) — When a young man makes an appointment with his sweetheart and fails to keep it, he ought, if he is a gentleman of proper feeling, to have a good excuse to offer for his conduct. But we would not advise you to throw him over for the first offence. Remember that human nature is far from being perfect, and that young men are exposed to many temptations to which young ladies are happily strangers. Make him feel that you are offended by his disappointing you, and when he seeks to make another tryst, remind him of the way he acted in respect of the last one.

L. M. F., (Bush Hill, N. C.)—Manners are of more importance than laws, for upon them in a great measure the laws depend. The law can touch us here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform and insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. Good manners are not mere conventional rules, but are the embodiment of the golden rule, attended by reason and common sense, and he who is courteous to all, true, loyal and sincere, honorable to all the best instincts of his own nature, and in his judgment and dealing with others—is a gentleman, whether dressed in the height of the mode or the plainest of clean attire.

C. M. K., (Rock Hill, S. C.)—The most certain and most lasting mode of preservation consists in covering them in a jar filled with lime-water, recently prepared, and keeping them in a cool place. The lime-water is prepared from quick-lime, or that which has been slaked but lately, by placing it in a quantity of water greater than would cover the eggs. The milk of lime which is thus formed is allowed to stand several hours. The clear liquid that separates itself from the excess of lime used is the lime-water, which is poured off for use. Lime-water not only prevents the evaporation, since the eggs are plunged in the liquid, but the alkali which it holds in solution closes the pores of the shell and prevents all fermentation, either of the eggs or of the organic matter which the water might contain. Eggs kept in this way are good for pastry, etc., twelve or fourteen months after they are laid.